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PRICE, SIX DOLLARS] CŒLUM, NON ANIMUM, MUTANT, QUI TRANS MARE CURRUNT. [PER ANNUM.

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LITERATURE.

SONG.

The light breeze heaves, where gay green leaves
With a fairy twinkling stir,
The merle's high throat pours a summer note
From the tallest silver fir;
And far, and free, the fields rejoice
In the bright, bright noon of day,
And every greenwood hath a voice,
That bids thee come away.

Thro' sun and shade, fresh bower, bright glade
And bank of tufted flowers,
Where bluebells gleam, in the glancing beam
From the noon of sunny hours—
Come fleet and fast, and tarry not
While the summer moments flee—
To the wildwood—to the well-known spot
Come follow—follow me.

J.U.U.

MASCALBRUNI.

I have frequently observed that there are some people who haunt you in all parts of the world, and to whom you have a sort of secret antipathy, yet who, by an attraction in spite of repulsion, are continually crossing your path, as though they were sent as emissaries to link themselves with your destiny, or on the watch mysteriously to bring it about. One person in particular, whose name I do not even know, if he has one, I have met fifty times in as many different places, and we each say to ourselves, "'Tis he!—what, again!" So with a personage too well known at home and abroad, of whom, by a curious concatenation of circumstances, I am enabled to become the biographer.

Geronymo Mascalbruni was the son of a pauper belonging to a village whose name I forget, in the marshes of Ancona. He had begged his way when a boy to Rome, and supported himself for some time there, by attending at the doors of the courts of justice, and running on errands for the advocates or the suitors. His intelligence and adroitness did not escape the observation of one of the attorneys, who, wanting a lad of all work, took Mascalbruni into his service, and taught him to read and write; finding him useful in his office, and having no children of his own, he at length adopted him, *in formâ pauperis*, and gave him a small share in his business. This man of the law did not bear the most exemplary of characters, and perhaps it was in order to conceal some nefarious practices to which Mascalbruni was privy that he made the clerk his associate. Perhaps also he discovered in his character a hardihood, combined with cunning and chicanery, that made him a ready instrument for his purposes, and thus enabled him, like Teucer, to fight behind the shield of another. Under this worthy master—a worthy disciple—Mascalbruni continued for some years; till at length, tired of confinement to the desk, and having the taste early acquired for a roving and profligate life revived, he, during his old benefactor's confinement to his bed with a rheumatic attack, administered to him a dose of poison instead of medicine, and having robbed him of all the money and plate that was portable, and of certain *coupons*, and *bons* in the Neapolitan and other funds, standing in his name, he decamped, and reached Florence in safety.

Every one has heard of the laxity of the Roman police. The impunity of offenders, even when their crimes are established by incontestable proofs, is notorious. The relations of the lawyer, contrary to all their expectations, (for he had never recognised them,) had come into their inheritance, and little regarded the means, having attained the end. They perhaps, also, from having had no admission into the house during the old miser's life, were ignorant of the strength of his coffers; and the disappearance of the murderer, who, by a will which they discovered and burnt, had been made his sole heir, was by them deemed too fortunate a circumstance; so that they neither inquired into the manner of his death, nor had any *post mortem* examination of the body. They gave their respectable relative a splendid funeral, erected to his memory a tomb in one of the rival churches that front the Piazza del Popolo, in which his many virtues were not forgotten, and established an annual mass for his *povera anima*, that no doubt saved him

"From many a peck of purgatorial coals."

Having quietly inurned the master, let us follow the man. The sum which he carried with him is not exactly known, but it must have been considerable. His stay in the Tuscan state was short, and we find him with his ill-gotten wealth in "that common sewer of London and of Rome," Paris. He was then about thirty years of age, had a good person, talents, an insinuating address, and a sufficient knowledge of the world, at least of the worst part of mankind, to avoid sinking in that quagmire, which has swallowed up so many of the thoughtless and inexperienced who have trusted to its flattering surface. In fact, Nature seemed to have gifted him with the elements of an accomplished sharper, and he seconded her attributes by all the resources of art. He took an apartment in the Rue Neuve de Luxembourg, that street so admirably situated between the Boulevard and the Gardens of the Tuileries, and had engraved on his cards, "Il Marchese Mascalbruni." He was attached to his name; it was a good, sonorous, well-sounding name; and the addition of Marchese dovetailed well, and seemed as though it had always, or ought always, to have belonged to it.

But before he made his *entrée* in the world of Paris, he was aware that he had much to learn; and, with the tact and nice sense of observation and *disinvoltura nel maneggiar* peculiar to his nature, he soon set about accomplishing himself in the externals of a gentleman. With this view he passed several hours a day in the *salle d'armes*, where he made himself a first-rate fencer; and became so dexterous *au tir*, that he could at the extremity of the gallery hit the bull's-eye of the target at almost every other shot.

Pushkin himself was not more dexterous; and, like him, our hero in the course of his career signalised himself by several rencontres which proved fatal to his antagonists, into the details of but one of which I shall enter. He heard that nothing gives a young man greater *éclat* at starting into society than a duel. Among those who frequented the *salle* was an old officer who had served in the campaigns of Napoleon, one of the *reliquiæ Danaum*, the few survivors of Moscow: for those who did not perish on the road, mostly fell victims to the congelations and fatigues of that memorable retreat. Mascalbruni, now a match for the *maitre d'armes*, frequently exercised with this old *grognard*, who had the character of being a *crane*, if not a *bourreau des cranes*,* and one day, before a numerous *galleria*, having struck the foil out of his hand, the fencer so far forgot himself, in the shame and vexation of defeat by a youngster, as to pick up the weapon and strike the Italian a blow on the shoulders with the flat part of the foil, if it be not an Irishism so to call it. Those who saw Mascalbruni at that moment would not have forgotten the traits of his countenance. His eyes flashed with a sombre fire; his Moorish complexion assumed a darker hue, as the blood rushed from his heart to his brain in an almost suffocating tide; his breath came forth in long and audible expirations; his features were convulsed with the rage of a demoniac. I only describe what Horace Verney, who was present, faithfully sketched from memory after the scene. Mascalbruni, tearing off the button of his foil, vociferated, putting himself in position, "*A la mort, à la mort!*" The lookers-on were panic-stricken; but the silence was interrupted by the clinking of the steel. The aggressor soon lay stretched in the agonies of death.

Though he had now taken his first degree, Mascalbruni's education was not yet complete. He had made himself master of French, so as to speak it almost without any of the accent of a foreigner; and having a magnificent voice, he added to it all the science that one of his own countrymen could supply, and became in the end a finished musician and vocalist.

Such was the course of his studies; and now, with all the *prestige* of his singular *affaire*, to give him *éclat*, the Marchese Mascalbruni made his *début*. By way of recreation, he had frequently gone into the gambling-houses of the Palais Royal, and had been much struck with these words, almost obliterated, on the walls of one of them, "*Tutus veni, tutus abi.*" Mascalbruni was determined to profit by the advice, and to confirm its truth by one solitary exception—to come and depart in safety, or rather a winner.

Mascalbruni invented a theory of his own, that has since been practised by several of the *habitués* of the hells, particularly by a man denominated, in the *maisons de jeu*, L'Avocat. He won such enormous sums of the bank, that, on his return to his lodgings one night, he was assassinated, not without suspicion that he fell by the hands of some kind bravo of the company. *Chi lo sa?* But to revert to Mascalbruni.

Impares numeri are said to be fortunate: strange to say, the number three is the most so. Three was a mystic number. The triangle was sacred to the Hindoos and Egyptians. There were three Graces, three Furies, three Fates. He played a martingale of one, three, seven, fifteen, &c. on triple numbers, *i. e.* after three of a colour, either red or black, had come up, and not till then, he played, and opposed its going a fourth; thus rendering it necessary that there should be twelve or thirteen successive *coups* of four, *et sequentia*, without the intervention of a three. The gain, it is true, could not be great, for he begun with a five-franc piece: but it seemed sure; and so he found it, making a daily profit of three or four louis in as many hours.

I have gone into this dry subject to show the character of the man, and his imperturbable *sang-froid*. He did not, however, confine himself to *rouge et noir*, but soon learned all the niceties of that scientific game *écarté*. In addition to *sauter le coup*, which he practised with an invisible dexterity, he used to file the ends of the fingers of his right hand, so that he could feel the court-cards, which, having a thicker coat of paint, are thus made easily sensible to the touch; and would extract from each pack one or two, the knowledge of whose non-existence was no slight advantage in discarding. He did not long wait for associates in his art. There was formed at that time a club in the Rue Richelieu on the principle of some of the English clubs, it being entirely managed by a committee. Of this he became a member, and afterwards got an introduction at the *salon*. Most of the English at Paris joined this circle; and it was broken up in consequence of the discovery of manœuvres and sleights of hand such as I have described, but not until Mascalbruni had contrived to bear away a more than equal share of the plunder. The English, of course, were the great sufferers.

He now turned his face towards the Channel, and opened the campaign in London on a much more extensive scale. He took up his quarters at Higginbottom's hotel in the same year that young Napoleon came to England, and only left it when it was given up to that lamented and accomplished prince. It is not generally known that he ever visited England. His sojourn in the capital was kept a profound secret. The master of the hotel and all his servants took an oath of secrecy; and Prince Esterhazy and the members of the Austrian embassy were not likely to betray it. The prince passed a week with George the Fourth at the Cottage at Windsor, and afterwards assisted at a concert at the Hanover Square rooms, himself leading a concert on the piano. This by the bye. Mascalbruni on that occasion attracted all eyes, and fascinated all ears, and was greeted after a solo with the loudest plaudits. He had now become the fashion, and, having forged a letter from one of the cardinals at Rome to a patroness of Almacks, obtained the *entrée*, and made one of the three hundred that compose the world of London. You know, however, in this world that there is another world—orb within orb—an *imperium in imperio*—the Exclusives. It is difficult to define what the qualifications for an exclusive are: it is not rank, connexion, talents, virtues, grace, elegance, accomplishments. No. But I shall not attempt to explain the inexplicable. Certain it is, however, that our hero was admitted into the *coteries* of this caste as distinct—as much separated by a line of demarcation drawn round them from the rest—as the Rajhpoot is from the Raiot, who sprang, one from the head, the other from the heels of Brahma.

It was on the daughter of one of these extra exclusives that Mascalbruni cast his eye. He flew at high game. The Honourable Miss M. was the belle of the season. I remember seeing her the year before at a fancy ball. A quadrille had been got up, for which were selected twelve of the most beautiful girls to represent the twelve Seasons. Louisa was May, and excelled the rest, (I do not speak of the present year,) as much as that season of flowers does the other months. It was an 'incarnation of May!'—a metaphor of Spring, and Youth, and Morning!—a rose-bud just opening its young leaves, that brings the swiftest thought of beauty, though words cannot embody it:—a sylph borne by a breath, a zephyr, as in the celebrated Hebe of John of Bologna, may make intelligible the lightness of her step,—the ethereal grace of her form. She was a nymph of Canova, without her affectation. Hers was the poetry of motion,—

"It was the soul, which from so fair a frame
Look'd forth, and told us 'twas from heaven it came,"—

that would have been the despair of sculpture or poetry. I have never seen but one who might compare with her, and she was engulfed that same year in the waters of the inexorable Tiber,—Rosa Bathurst.*

Louisa M. was the only daughter of an Irish bishop. His see was one of the most valuable in the sister island; and some idea may be formed of his accumulated wealth, by the circumstance of his having received thirty thousand pounds in one year by fines on the renewal of leases. He had one son, then on a Continental tour with his tutor; but having no entailed estates, and his fortune consisting of ready money, Louisa was probably one of the *meilleures parties* in the three kingdoms.

There was at that time a mania for foreign alliances. The grand tour, which almost every family of distinction had taken, introduced a rage for Continental customs and manners, which had in some degree superseded our own.

A spring in Paris, and winter in Italy, left behind them regrets in the minds of old and young, but especially the latter, who longed to return to those scenes that had captivated their senses and seduced their young imaginations. No language was spoken at the opera but French or Italian,—no topics of conversation excited so much interest as those which had formed the charm of their residence abroad,—and the fair daughters of England drew comparisons unfavourable to fox-hunting squires and insipid young nobles, when they thought of the accomplished and fascinating foreigners from whom, in the first dawn of life, when all their impressions were new and vivid, they had received such flattering homage.

The mother of Louisa, still young, had not been insensible to pre-possessions; and had a *liaison* at Rome, where she was unaccompanied by her husband, the effects of which she had not altogether eradicated.

It is said that the road to the daughter's affections is through the heart of the mother. Certainly in Italy *cavalier servente*ism generally has this termination; and, though it is not yet openly established in England, there are very many women in high life who have some secret adorer, some favourite friend, to keep alive the flame which too often lies smothered in the ashes of matrimony. I do not mean that this attachment is frequently carried to criminal lengths; nor am I ready to give much credence to the vain boastings of those foreigners who, when they return to their own country, amuse their idle hours, and idler friends, with a detailed account of their *bonnes fortunes* in London.

I shall not prostitute my narrative, had I the data for so doing, by tracing step by step the well-organised scheme by which Mascalbruni contrived to ingratiate himself with both the mother and the daughter. He was young, handsome, and accomplished; an inimitable dancer, a perfect musician. His dress, his stud, and cabriolet were in the best taste, and he passed for a man of large fortune.

It may be asked how he supported this establishment? By play. Play, in men whose means are ample, if considered a vice, is thought a very venial one. He got admission into several clubs,—Crockford's among the rest:—his games were *écarté* and whist; games at which he was without a match. Cool, cautious, and calculating, he lost with perfect nonchalance, and won with the greatest seeming indifference.

There was a French *vicomte*, with whom he seemed to have no particular acquaintance, but who was in reality his ally and confederate, and who had accompanied him to England expressly that they might play into each other's hands. He belonged to one of the oldest families, and had one of those historical names that are a *passe par-tout*. I had seen him at the *soirées* of Paris, and he was in the habit at the *écarté* table, if he had come without money, which was not unfrequently the case, of claiming, when the division took place at the end of the game, two napoleons; pretending that at its commencement he had bet one on the winner. I need say no more.

He had signalised himself in several rencontres. I have him before me now, as he used to appear in the Tuileries' gardens, with his narrow hat, his thin face, and spare figure,—so spare, that sideways one might as well have fired at the edge of a knife. To this man Mascalbruni frequently pretended to have lost large sums, and it is now well known that they divided the profits of their gains during the season. No one certainly suspected either of unfair practices, though their uniform success might have opened the eyes of the blindest. The Marchioness of S.'s card-parties and those of Lady E. were a rich harvest, as well as the private routs and *soirées* to which they obtained easy admission. Lady M. was well aware that Mascalbruni had a *penchant* for play; but it seemed to occupy so little of his thoughts or intrench on his time, that it gave her no serious alarm.

I have not yet told you, however, as I ought to have done, that he was a favoured suitor.

The bishop, who, by nature of his office, was seldom in town, was a cypher in the family, and little thought of interfering with his lady in the choice of a son in-law.

But the season now drew to a close, and Mascalbruni received an invitation to pass the summer at the episcopal palace in the Emerald Isle. He had succeeded in gaining the affections, the irrevocable affections of Louisa. Yes,—she loved him,

"Loved him with all the intenseness of first love!"

Time seemed to her to crawl with tortoise steps when he was absent,—but how seldom was that the case! They sang together those duets of Rossini that are steeped in passion. How well did his deep and mellow voice marry itself with her contralto! They rode together, not often in the parks, but through those shady and almost unfrequented lanes of which there are so many in the environs of the metropolis; they waltzed together; they danced the mazourka together,—that dance which is almost exclusively confined to foreigners, from the difficulty of its steps, and the grace required in its mazes.

They passed hours together alone,—they read together those scenes of Metastasio, so musical in words, so easily retained in the memory. But why do I dwell on these details? When I look on this picture and on that, I am almost forced to renounce the opinion that kindred spirits can alone love; for what sympathy of soul could exist between beings so dissimilar, so little made for each other! Poor Louisa!

Mascalbruni accompanied them to Ireland. That summer was a continual fête. It was settled that the wedding was to take place on their return to town the ensuing season.

In the mean time the intended marriage had been long announced in the Morning Post, and was declared in due form to the son at Naples. Louisa, who was her brother's constant correspondent, in the openness of her heart did not conceal from him that passion, no longer, indeed, a secret. Her letters teemed with effusions of her admiration for the talents, the accomplishments, and the virtues, for such they seemed, of her intended—her *promesso sposo*, and the proud delight that a very few months would seal their union.

William, who had now had some experience of the Italians, and who had looked forward to his sister's marrying one of his college friends, an Irishman with large estates in their immediate neighbourhood, could not help expressing his disappointment, though it was urged with delicacy, at this foreign connexion. He wrote also to the bishop, and, after obtaining from him all the necessary particulars as to the Marchese Mascalbruni,—through what channel he became acquainted with them, by what letter got introduced to Lady ——, lost no time in proceeding to Rome, though the mountains were then infested by brigands, and the Pontine marshes, for it was the month of September, breathed malaria.

Our consul was then at Cività Vecchia, but willingly consented to accompany Mr. M. to Rome, in order to aid in the investigation. He was intimate with Cardinal ——, and they immediately proceeded to his palace. They found from him that he had never heard the name of Mascalbruni; that there was no *marchese* in the pontifical states so called; and he unhesitatingly declared the letter to be a forgery, and its writer an impostor.

They then applied to the police, who, after some days' inquiry, discovered that a person answering the description given had quitted Rome a few years before, and had been a clerk in the office of a *notario*.

No farther evidence was necessary to convict Mascalbruni of being a swindler; and, not trusting to a letter's safe arrival, Mr. M. travelled night and day till he reached the palace at ——.

It is not difficult to imagine the scene that ensued,—the indignation of the father, the vexation and self-reproaches of the mother, or the heart-rending emotions of the unfortunate girl.

Mascalbruni at first, with great effrontery, endeavoured to brave the storm; contended that Louisa was bound to him by the most sacred ties, the most solemn engagements; that his she should be,—or, if not his, that she should never be another's; denounced them as her murderers; and ended with threats of vengeance,—vengeance that, alas! he too well accomplished.

It is not very well known what now became of Mascalbruni; but there is reason to believe that he lay *perdu* somewhere in the neighbourhood, watching like a vulture over the prey from which he had been driven, the corpse of what was once Louisa.

A suspicious-looking person was frequently seen at night-fall prowling about the environs of the palace; and Miss M.'s *femme de chambre*, with whom he is said to have carried on an intrigue, was observed by the servants in animated conversation with a stranger in the garb of a peasant among the shrubberies and pleasure grounds.

It was through her medium that Mascalbruni gained intelligence of all that was passing in the palace.

The shock which Louisa had sustained was so sudden, so severe, that, acting on a frame naturally delicate, it brought on a brain fever. Her ravings were so dreadful, and so extraordinary; and so revolting was the language in which she at times clothed them, that even her mother—and no other was allowed to attend her—could scarcely stay by her couch. How perfect a knowledge of human nature has Shakspeare displayed in depicting the madness of the shamelessly-wronged and innocent Ophelia!—The fragments of those songs to which her broken accents gave utterance, especially that which ends with

* Military terms for a professed duellist, and a duell'st-killer.

* Singularly enough, when her body was discovered near the Ponte Rotto, she was untouched by the fish, as though they even ventured not to deface her celestial purity. She looked like a marble form that slept.

"Who, in a maid, yet out a maid,
Did ne'er return again,"

may suggest an idea of the wanderings of the poor sufferer's heated imagination.

For some weeks her life hung on a thread; but the affectionate cares and sympathy of a mother, and a sense of the unworthiness of the object of her regard, at last brought back the dawn of reason; and her recovery, though slow was sufficiently sure to banish all anxiety.

The afflictions as well as the affections of woman are, if I may judge by my own experience, less profoundly acute than those of our own sex. Whether this be owing to constitution or education, or that the superior delicacy and fineness of the nervous system makes them more easily susceptible of new impressions to efface the old, I leave it to the physiologist or the psychologist to explain. The river that is the most ruffled at the surface is seldom the deepest. Thus with Miss M. Her passion, like

"A little brook, swoln by the melted snow,
That overflows its banks, pour'd in her heart
A scanty stream, and soon was dry again."*

In the course of three months the image of Mascalbruni, if not effaced from her mind, scarcely awakened a regret; and, save that at times a paleness overspread her cheek, rapidly chased by a blush, be it of virgin innocence or shame, no one could ever have discovered in her person or bearing any traces of the past.

At this time a paragraph appeared in the Court Journal of the day, nearly in these words:

"Strange rumours are afloat in the Sister Island respecting a certain Italian *marchese*, who figured at the clubs and about town during the last season. Revelations of an extraordinary nature, that hastened the return of the Honourable Mr. M. from the Continent, have led to a rupture of the marriage of the belle of the season, which we are authorised to say is definitively broken off."

It was a telegraph that the field was open for new candidates; but no one on this side the water answered it. Louisa M. was no longer the same,—the *prestige* was fled,—the bloom of the peach was gone.

Scarcely had four months elapsed, however, when fresh preparations were made for her marriage, and a day fixed for the nuptials.

The hour came; and behold, in the conventional language used on such occasions, the happy pair, Lady M. the bride-maids, and a numerous party of friends assembled in the chapel of the palace. The bishop officiated.

The ceremony had already commenced, and the rite was on the point of being ratified by that mystical type of union—the ring—when a figure burst through the crowd collected about the doors; a figure more like a spectre than a man.

So great a change had taken place in him, from the wild and savage life that he had been leading among the mountains, the privations he had endured, and the neglect of his person, that no one would have recognised him for the observed of all observers, the once elegant and handsome Mascalbruni. His hair, matted like the mane of a wild beast, streamed over his face and bare neck. His cheek was fallen, his eyes sunken in their sockets; yet in them burned, as in two dark caves, a fierce and sobre fire. His lips were tremulous and convulsed with passion; his whole appearance, in short, exhibited the same diabolical rage and thirst of vengeance that had electrified the *salle d'armes* in his memorable conflict. He advanced straight to the altar with long and hurried steps, and tearing aside the hands of the couple, the ring fell over the communion rails to the ground. So profound was the silence, so great the consternation and surprise the sight of this apparition created in the minds of all, that the sound of the ring, as it struck and rolled along the vaulted pavement, was audibly heard. It was an omen of evil augury,—a warning voice as from the grave to tell of the death of promised joys—of hopes destroyed—of happiness for ever crushed. He stood wildly waving his arms for a moment between the pair, looking as though they had been transformed into stone, more like two statues kneeling at a tomb than at the altar. Then he folded his arms; gazed with triumphant and ghastly smile at the bride; said, or rather muttered, "Mine she is!" then turning to the bridegroom, with a sneer of scorn and mockery he howled, "Mine she has been; now wed her!"

With these laconic words he turned on his heel, and regained without interruption the portal by which he had entered. So suddenly had all this passed, so paralysed and panic-stricken were the spectators and audience of this scene, that they could scarcely believe it to be other than a dream till they saw the bride extended without sense or motion on the steps. Thus was she borne, the service being unconcluded, to her chamber. The ceremony was privately completed the ensuing day.

No domestic felicity attended this ill-fated union. It was poisoned by doubts and suspicions, and embittered by the memory of Mascalbruni's words. "Mine she has been" continually rang in the husband's ears; and on the anniversary of that eventful day, after a lingering illness of many months, a matyr to disappointment and chagrin, she sunk into an untimely grave.

The next we hear of Mascalbruni was his being at Cheltenham. There he frequented the rooms under very different auspices, and had to compete with another order of players than those he had been in the habit of duping. He was narrowly watched and detected in the act of pocketing a queen from an *écarté* pack. The consequence was his expulsion from the club with ignominy. His name was placarded, and his fame, or rather infamy, noised with a winged speed all over the United Kingdom.

It was no longer a place for him. In the course of the ensuing week the following announcement was made in a well-known and widely-circulated weekly paper. It was headed—

"*An Italian black sheep.*

"We hope in a short time to present our readers with the exploits of a new Count Fathom, a *soi disant* marchese, better known than trusted, the two first syllables of whose name more than rhyme with *rascal*. And as it is our duty to un-*mask all* such, we shall confine ourselves at present to saying that he has been weighed at a fashionable watering-place in Gloucestershire, and found wanting, or rather practising certain sleights of hand for which the charlatans of his own country are notorious. He had better sing small here!"

Mascalbruni took the vulgar hint. His funds were nearly exhausted, and with but a few louis in his pocket he embarked at Dover, and once more repaired to Paris.

His prospects were widely different from those with which he had left it. To play the game I have described at *rouge et noir*, requires a capital. Every respectable house was closed against him. He now disguised his appearance, so that his former acquaintance should not be able to recognise him, and frequented the lowest hells—those *cloacæ*, the resort of all the *vilains* and *chenapans* the lowest dregs of the metropolis. By what practices this *mauvais sujet* contrived to support life here for some years is best known to the police, where his name stands chronicled pretty legibly; it is probable that he passed much of that time in one of the prisons, or on the roads.

Eighteen months had now elapsed, and the Honourable Mr. M. with his bride, to whom he had been a short time married, took an apartment in the Rue d'Artois. A man in a cloak—an *embocado*—which means one who enwraps his face in his mantle so that only his eyes are visible,—was observed from the windows often passing and repassing the hotel. The novelty of the costume attracted the attention of Mrs. M.; and the blackness of his eyes, and their peculiarly gloomy expression, made her take him for a Spaniard. She more than once pointed him out to her husband, and said one day, "Look, William, there stands that man again. He answers your description of a bandit, and makes me shudder to look at him.

"Don't be alarmed, dear," replied Mr. M. smilingly; "we are not at Terracina. It will be time enough to be frightened then."

The recollection of Mascalbruni had been almost effaced from his mind; but, had he met him face to face, it is not unlikely that he *would* have remembered the villain who had destroyed the hopes of his family, and marred their happiness for ever.

For some time he never went out at night unaccompanied by his wife, and always in a carriage. But a day came when he happened to dine without her in the Rue St Honoré. The weather being fine, and the party a late one, he sent away his cabriolet, and after midnight proceeded to walk home. Paris was at that time very badly lighted; the *reverberées* at a vast distance apart, suspended between the houses, giving a very dim and feeble ray. Few persons—there being then no *trottoirs*—were walking at that hour; and it so happened that not a soul was stirring the whole length of the street. But, within a few yards of his own door, the figure I have described rushed from under the shadow of a *porte cochère*, and plunged a dagger in his heart. He fell without a groan, and lay there till the patrol passed, when he was conveyed, cold and lifeless, to the arms of his bride, who was anxiously awaiting his return. Her agony I shall not make the attempt to depict; there are some sorrows that defy description.

Notwithstanding the boasted excellence of the Parisian police, the author of this crime, who I need not say was Mascalbruni, remained undiscovered.

Strange as it may appear, I am enabled to connect two more links in the chain of this ruffian's history, and thus, as it were, to become, his biographer. Having been in town at the period when he was in the zenith of his glory, and being slightly acquainted with the family whom, like a pestilence, it was his lot to destroy and blight, I was well acquainted with his person, and he with mine; indeed, once seen, it was not easy to mistake his.

After two winters at Naples, I travelled, by the way of Ravenna and Rimini, to Venice. The carnival was drawing to a close, and on quitting a *soirée* at Madame Benzon's, I repaired to the Ridotta. The place was crowded to excess with that mercurial population, who during this saturnalia, particularly its last nights, mingle in one orgie, and seem to endeavour, by a kind of intoxication of the senses, and general licentiousness, to drown the memory of the destitution and wretchedness to which the iron despotism of the Austrian has reduced them. The scene had a sort of magnetic attraction in it.

I had neither masque nor domino, but it is considered rather *distingue* for men to appear without them; and as I had no love-affair to carry on, it was no bad means of obtaining one, had I been so inclined.

Among the other groups, I observed two persons who went intriguing round the *salle*, appearing to know the secrets of many of their acquaintances, whom it seemed their delight to torment and persecute, and whom, notwithstanding their masks, they had detected by the voice, which, however attempted to be disguised, betrays more than the eyes, or even the mouth, though it is the great seat of expression. The pair wore fancy dresses. The domino of the man was of Persian or Turkish manufacture, a rich silk with a purple ground, in which were inwoven palm-leaves of gold. The costume of the lady, who seemed of a portly figure, not the most symmetrical, was a rich Venitian brocade, such as we see in the gorgeous pictures of Paul Veronese, and much in use during the dogal times of the republic. As they passed me, I heard the lady say, looking at me, "That is a foreigner." "*Si Signora é Inglese*," was the reply; "*lo conosco*." Who this could be who knew me,—me, almost a stranger at Venice, I was curious to discover. By the slow and drawling accent peculiar to the Romans, I felt satisfied he was one, and fancied that I had heard that voice before,—that it was not altogether unfamiliar to me.

I was desirous of unravelling the secret, for such it was, as the man did not address me; and I remained at the Ridotta much later than I should otherwise have done, in order to find out my unknown acquaintance. I therefore kept my eye on the couple, hoping that accident might favour my wish.

On the last nights of the carnival it is common to sup at the Ridotta, and I at length watched the *incognito* into a box with his *inamorata*, where he took off his mask, and whom should I discover under it but the identical hero of romance, the villain Mascalbruni.

He was an acquaintance who might well shun *my* recognition, and I was not anxious he should see I had attracted *his* observation. As I was returning to my hotel on the Grand Canal, I asked the gondolier if he knew one Signor Mascalbruni. These boatmen are a kind of Figaros, and, like the agents of the Austrian police, are acquainted with the names and address of almost every resident in Venice, especially of those who frequent the public places. The man, however, did not know *my friend* by that name,—perhaps he had changed it. But when I described his costume, he said that the signor was the *cavalier servente* of a Russian princess, who had taken for a year one of the largest palaces in Venice. "*Il Signor*," he added, "*canta come un angelo*."

The idea of coupling an angel and Mascalbruni together amused me. "An angel of darkness!" I was near replying; but thought it best to be silent.

I had no wish to encounter Mascalbruni a second time. I went the next day to Fusina, and thence to Milan; indeed I had made all the preparations for my departure, nothing being more dull than the *Carême* at Venice.

Two years after this adventure, I was travelling in the Grisons, after having made a tour of the *petits cantons*, with my knapsack on my back, and a map of Switzerland in my pocket, to serve the place of a guide,—a description of persons to whom I have almost as great an objection as to cicerones, preferring rather to miss seeing what I should like to see, than to be told what I ought to like to see; not that it has fallen to the lot of many guides, or travellers either, to be present at a spectacle such as I am going to describe. I had been pacing nine good leagues; and that I saw it was merely accidental, for if *it* had not come in my way, I should not have gone out of mine to witness it.

Coire, the capital of the Grisons, my place of destination for the night, had just appeared, when I observed a great crowd collecting together immediately in front, but at some distance off, the peasants running in all directions from the neighbouring hills, like so many radii to meet in a centre.

One of these crossed me; and, on inquiring of him the occasion of all this haste and bustle, I learned that an execution was about to take place. My informant added with some pride that the criminal was not a Swiss, but an Italian. He seemed perfectly acquainted with all the particulars of the event that had transpired, for he had been present at the trial; and, as we walked along the road together, in his *patois*—bad German and worse French, with here and there a sprinkling of Italian,—he related to me in his own way what I will endeavour to translate.

"An Englishman of about twenty years of age was travelling, as you may be, on foot, about seven weeks ago, in this canton, having lately crossed the St. Gothard from Bellinzona. He was accompanied by a courier, whom he had picked up at Milan. They halted for some days in our town, waiting for the young gentleman's remittances from Genoa, where his letters of credit were addressed. On their arrival at Coire they had a guide; but the Italian persuaded his master, who seemed much attached to him, to discharge Pierre, on the pretence that he was thoroughly acquainted with the country, and spoke the language, which indeed he did. He was a dark brigand-looking fellow, with a particularly bad expression of countenance, and a gloomy look about his eyes; and, for my part, I am surprised that the young man should have ventured to trust *himself in his* company, for I should not like to meet his fellow on the road by myself even in the day-time. Well: the Englishman's money, a good round sum,—they say, two hundred napoleons d'or,—was paid him by an order on our bankers; and then they set out, but not as before.

"They had only been two days in company, when the villainous Italian, who either did not know the road over the mountains, or had purposely gone out of the way, thought it a good opportunity of perpetrating an act, no doubt long planned, which was neither more nor less than despatching his master. It was a solitary place, and a fit one for a deed of blood. A narrow path had been worn in the side of a precipice, which yawned to the depth of several hundred feet over a torrent that rushed, as though impatient of being confined, foaming and boiling through a narrow chasm opened for itself through the rocks. I could show you the spot, for I know it well, having a right of *commune* on the mountains; and have often driven my cows, after the melting of the snows, up the pass, to feed on the herbage, that, mixed with heath and rhododendrons, forms a thick carpet under foot. It is a pasture that makes excellent cheese.

"But solitary as the place looks, the Italian did not know that there are several *chalets*, mine among the rest, in the Alp: and herdsmen. As for me, I happened to be down in the plain, or I might have been an eye-witness of much of what I am about to describe. I was saying that the spot seemed to suit his purpose; and his impatience to ease his master of his gold was such, that, happily for the ends of justice, he could not wait till night-fall, or none but (and here he pointed to the sky) He above might have been privy to the crime. It was, however, mid-day. Into the deep-worn pass I have mentioned runs a rivulet, which, sparkling on the green bank, had made itself a little basin. The day was hot and sultry; and the young gentleman, tempted, it would seem, by the gentle murmur of the water as it fell, rippling over the turf, and its crystal brightness stooped down to drink. The Italian watched this opportunity, sprung upon him like a tiger, and plunged a dagger; which he always carried concealed about him, into the Englishman's back. Fortunately, however, the point hit upon the belt in which he carried his money, perhaps on the napoleons; for, before the assassin could give him a second blow, he sprang up and screamed for help, calling 'Murder, murder!'

"Three of the herdsmen whom I have mentioned heard the cries, and came running towards the direction whence they proceeded, when they discovered two men struggling with each other; but, before they could reach them, one had fallen, and the other was in the act of rifling him, in order afterwards to hurl him down the precipice into the bed of the river. So intent was he on the former of these occupations, that he did not perceive my countrymen till they seized him. He made much resistance; but his dagger was not within his reach. They bound his hands, and, together, with the lifeless corpse of his master, transported him to Coire, where, not to enter into the trial, he was condemned to death.

"But he has been now some weeks in prison, in consequence of our not being able to procure a *bourreau*; and we have been forced to send for one to Bellinzona, no Grison being willing to perform the office. He arrived last night; and how do you think, sir! According to our laws, he is to be executed with a sword that has not been used for forty years,—no murder having been committed in the canton during all that period,—though no sword could be applied to better purpose than it will in a few moments."

Whilst he was thus speaking, we reached the dense circle already formed. On seeing a stranger approach, they made room for me; and curiosity to witness this mode of execution, the remnant of barbarous times, as well as to see the Italian, induced me to enter the Place de Grève.

At the first glance I recognised Mascalbruni. He was stripped of his shirt, on his knees; by his side was a Jesuit to whom he had just made his confession; and over him, on an elevation from the ground by means of a large stone, stood the *prevôt*, with a sword of prodigious length and antique shape, and covered with rust of ages, pendent in his hands.

The lower part of Mascalbruni's face was fallen, whilst all above the mouth was drawn upwards as from some powerful convulsion. The eyes, that used to bear the semblance of living coals, had in them a concentrated and sullen gloom. The cold and damp of the cell, and the scantiness of his diet, which consisted of bread and water, had worn his cheek to the bone, and given it the sallowness of one in the black stage of cholera. His face was covered with a thick beard, every hair of which stood distinct from its fellows; and his matted locks, thickly sprinkled with grey, trailed over his ghastly features and neck in wild disorder. His shoulders down to the waist were, as I said, bare; and they and his arms displayed anatomically a muscular strength that might have served as a model for a gladiator. Over all was thrown an air of utter prostration moral and physical, —the desolation of despair.

A few yards to the right, the priest, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, seemed absorbed in prayer; and between them the *bourreau*, who might have superseded Tristan in his office, and been a dangerous rival in the good graces of Louis the Eleventh. He called to mind a figure of Rubens',—not the one who is turning round in the Descent of the Cross at Antwerp, and saying to the thief, writhing in horrible contortions after he has wrenched his lacerated foot from the nail, "*Sacre, chien,*"—but a soldier in another of his pictures in the Gallery at Brussels (the representation of some martyrdom,) who has just torn off the ear of the saint with a pair of red-hot princers, and is eyeing it with a savage complacency.

It was, in short, exactly such a group, with its pyramidical form, and startling contrasts of colour and expression, as the great Flemish painter could have desired.

A dead silence, which the natural horror, the novelty of the scene created, prevailed among the assembled crowd; and it spoke well for the morality and good feeling of the simple peasantry, that not a woman was present on the occasion.

The hand of the swordsman was raised, and the stroke fell on the neck of the culprit: but, horrible to say,—what was it then to witness!—though given with no common vigour, so blunt was the instrument, that, instead of severing the head it only inflicted a gash which divided the tendons of the neck, and the undecapitated body fell doubled up, whilst only a few *gouts* of blood issued from the wound.

The tortured wretch's groans and exclamations found an echo in all bosoms; and it was not till after two more sabre strokes that the head lay apart, and rolled upwards in the dust. I then saw what I have heard described of Charlotte Cordé after she had been guillotined;—the muscles of the face were convulsed as if with sensibility, and the eyes glared with horrid meaning, as though the soul yet lingered there. Even the executioner could scarcely meet their scowl without shuddering.

It was the first and last spectacle of this kind at which I mean ever to be present; and I should not have awaited its awful termination, could I have penetrated through the living wall that was a barrier to my exit.

You may now guess from whom I obtained many of the details contained in this memoir of Mascalbruni. It was from the confessor, who had endeavoured, but in vain, to give him spiritual consolation in the dungeon and at the block. The Jesuit and myself had mutual revelations to make to each other, connecting the present with the past, and which have enabled me to weave the dark tissue of life's thread into one piece. I repeat the last words of the good old man at our final interview,—"May God have mercy on his soul!"

F. Medwin.

* Faust.

A MARTINET.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

Having completed my six years as a midshipman, I was destined to undergo an examination on seamanship at Malta, previous to returning to England, where the usual scrutiny at Portsmouth College awaited me.

The College examination is a fair and straightforward one. If a man be qualified he is sure to pass; if he be not, he is almost as sure to be rejected. The candidates, therefore, before going on trial, may form a pretty accurate idea of the probable result; as every one must be more or less conscious whether or not he possess the information requisite. He who in his own breast pleads guilty to ignorance, may well tremble for his fate at Portsmouth College; he, on the contrary, who feels confident of being well acquainted with his duty, may approach the ordeal without the slightest dread. No unfairness, no brow-beating, no ungentlemanlike usage, is to be apprehended for those who are qualified; while those who are not, may hope for no favour or partiality to carry them through. Justice is the object of examination; openness and candour characterise the conduct of it.

But the ordeal which now awaited me at Malta was of a very different description. I was to be arraigned before the captains of the ships in harbour; and I do not say too much when I state, that the result of the investigation was a perfect lottery! No one, however high his qualifications, can be *certain* of passing a trial of this description; while at the same time the greatest dunces frequently come off with flying colours.

Very much, indeed, depends upon the individual characters of the men before whose tribunal the youngster is to stand; and if the majority of his judges chance to be possessed of the many good qualities which attach to the mere name of a British naval officer, he need be under no alarm. But unfortunately this cannot always be depended on. The passing captains are frequently martinets, who delight in brow-beating and perplexing the trembling youth before them; frequently they are coxcombs, who make him a mere foil to the display of their own seamanship; sometimes they are coarse, ill-bred swaggering fellows, who terrify him out of what knowledge he may happen to possess, by harsh words, sour looks, and sounding oaths; and sometimes they are men who have "tempers of their own;" who are determined at all ventures to puzzle, and who, for this amiable purpose, are constantly throwing the vessel which the unlucky youth has raised in his imagination, into situations awkward enough to perplex an admiral. Such are the chances *against* the candidate!

On the other hand, a man may sometimes be fortunate enough to meet with kind, good-natured fellows, who will do all in their power to help and to encourage him; or with fools, who are too ignorant themselves to discover whether he be ignorant or not; or with whimsical fellows, who may take a fancy to "the cut of his jib;" or with men who are fond of a joke, and who will pass him right or wrong, if he be fortunate enough to say a good thing, or to afford them any cause for the indulgence of their risible propensities. These are the chances in his favour!

I remember at Malta one unfortunate youth named Richards, the day of whose trial was fixed; and who, from the known characters of his judges, had good reason to be anxious about the result. On the morning previous to his examination, I found him in a dreadfully agitated state; and in order to encourage and reassure him as much as I could, I took him out with me, and endeavoured, during a long walk, to explain to him any difficulties that occurred. After a good deal of questioning and cross-questioning, poor Richards, finding himself *au fait*, began to take courage, and to look forward with confidence to the result of the morrow.

We had been perambulating about in this manner for nearly a couple of hours, and I was just about to accompany him on board, when whom should we meet, plump in the face, but one of his passing captains.

"Well, youngster!" said the skipper, addressing my companion; "so you are going to pass to-morrow, eh!—to try it at least, eh!—Very well! see you are prepared; for by G—d it shall be no child's play! I'll work you, my boy; I promise you I will!"

"It will never do, Ned!" said the poor fellow to me, as soon as the captain was gone. "It will never do! I'm sure to be rejected!"

"Nonsense!" I replied. "Keep your spirits up, and never say die! Every body knows that that fellow does not always bite when he snarls!"

"Well!" said the desponding youth, "it may be; but *you'll see I'll be rejected!*"

The eventful hour at length arrived; and poor Richards approached his fate with a palpitating heart. As there were six others for trial at the same time, they were apportioned among the different captains; each taking upon himself the examination of one.

"If you will allow me," said our friend of the previous day to the senior officer; "if you will allow me, I should like to examine Mr. Richards!"

"Certainly!" replied the senior captain, and the poor fellow, as white as a sheet, was immediately called forward.

"Now, sir," said the captain, addressing him, and assuming a very grave and severe expression of countenance; "now sir; let us see what sort of an officer you make! You are the officer of the watch, sir, of the —— Frigate—don't forget her name, sir!—there's a heavy gale of wind from the southward—do you hear, sir; pay attention to what I'm saying to you, sir!—I'll lay my life you have forgotten what point the wind was in!—mark me, sir! for it's important!—the gale is from the south-west, sir! remember, the south-west! plenty of sea-room, sir; vessel made all snug for the night, lying to under trysails! do you mark that, sir! under trysails!—Well, sir! the captain comes on deck and says to you—observe what the captain says, sir; he says to you, '*Mr. Richards! how's her head?*' You of course make the proper response; after which the captain, putting his hand in his pocket, takes out a small leathern case—mark, sir; a leathern case!—and presenting it to you, in an easy sort of a way, he offers you a cigar. Now, sir—answer me immediately, sir—which end of the cigar would you put into your mouth?"

The poor middy, who, as the captain was proceeding with this address, was looking forward to some awfully formidable question, was so thunderstruck by this unexpected termination of the harangue, that, not knowing whether it was meant in joke or in earnest, he stood for a moment without opening his lips.

"Come, sir!" cried the captain—"quick!—which end?"

"The twisted one!" replied the youngster, who was fortunately well practised in the use of cigars. "The twisted one, sir, if a Havannah; and either end the same, if a Cheroot!"

"Excellent!" cried the captain, throwing himself back in his seat in a roar of laughter "Capital, sir!—very well answered indeed sir!—Gentlemen, I have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Richards is extremely well qualified to make an excellent officer!"

The youth was accordingly duly passed! and all his evil forebodings ended. This was one of the *lucky* turns of the wheel; and we all congratulated him heartily on having drawn a prize.

When my own turn for trial came, my hopes were none of the brightest. Indeed, from the well-known character of one of the captains who was to officiate at my examination, I "booked myself" in the "*returned list*," as a matter almost of certainty.

This man, whom I shall for the present designate Captain Dinmont, was a dreadful martinet; detested and despised by all who were unfortunate enough to have any connection with him. The agnomen by which he was familiary known in the service, was the somewhat flattering one of "*The Scotch Terrier*;" and as far as person, manners, and temper were concerned, never was name more happily applied.

Captain Dinmont was a man of low stature; and his little thick, bandy legs were so short, as to bear no proportion to the length of his body. His arms, too, were short, with a slight bend outwards beneath the biceps; and if he could be imagined, Nebuchadnezzar-like, upon all-fours, he would have formed no inaccurate representation of one of his canine namesakes of the genuine Skye breed. His countenance was sharp, and extremely ill-favoured; his gray eyes were keen and fiery; and there was an habitual grin about the corners of his mouth, which tending to keep the lips somewhat apart, displayed a partial glimpse of a case of large and extremely illformed teeth.

His temper was hot, and easily excited. He was constantly snapping and snarling at everything and everybody; and he was never known to speak a civil word, unless to serve some underhand purpose. In short, to use a slang, but in this instance a very appropriate phrase, he was "*thorough varmint*;" and, he would have matched with the fiercest of the Dandy Dinmont breed in everything save courage; in which, both moral and physical, he was wofully deficient. To complete his character, his ideas of *honour* were none of the most scrupulous; moreover, he was a fool;

"A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear!"

With the fear of this awful personage before my eyes, it may be supposed that I had not much pleasure in contemplating my approaching trial; and I cannot tell how delighted I was, when I found that he was ordered to sail for Naples, on the very morning of the day appointed for the examination.

Congratulating myself at having thus luckily escaped the "*Terrier*," and having no such dread of any of the others, I began to pick up courage; and, indeed, I was so much relieved as to give myself little farther concern about the matter. But, alas! I was not destined to get rid of him so easily.

I was walking about with Neville, on the evening immediately preceding the eventful day, laughing and joking in the highest spirits, when I received an order from Captain Dinmont, directing me to be on board his vessel by day-break in the morning, as he intended to examine me before sailing, and to sign my certificate *if he found me qualified*.

Here was a sad turn of fortune. However there was no help for it; I was obliged to submit; and in order to ascertain as well as I could "how the land lay," I determined to go on board of him immediately, and have a little private chat with one of his lieutenants; a very intimate friend of mine, and an extremely fine fellow.

"Well," said he, as soon as I had shaken hands with him; "I know what you're come about.—In a bit of a funk, eh?"

"A little," I replied; "but I hope you will be able to help me through."

"I can tell you one thing for your government," replied my friend. "I overheard our captain telling the first lieutenant that you were to be on board, and that he was to make you get the vessel under weigh, as a part of your examination!"

"Comfortable!" said I. "With a crew of whom I know nothing, and a man like Dinmont prowling over me, and looking out on purpose to find fault; this will be a very pleasant morning's exercise!"

"Don't alarm yourself," said my friend.—Dinmont does everything by regular routine and plan; and I can very soon teach you, word for word, the whole ceremony of getting under weigh, as practised by himself."

"Indeed!" I replied.

"Nay, more," he continued; "I can let you up to some of his peculiarities. You know he is a fool—heaven forgive me!—and a coxcomb to boot. His *own* mode of doing everything connected with the business of a ship he considers the best; and, moreover, he thinks it impossible for any other man to do things exactly as *he* does them. He has, besides, certain favourite expressions, the use of which he considers a proof of consummate seamanship; and I can teach you these to the letter!"

"Then, you propose that I should get the vessel under weigh in Dinmont's own style; giving the same directions that he gives, and even using his own peculiar phraseology! Don't you think the old fellow will be apt to get testy, if we attempt to show him up in this way?"

"He! why the old fool will never see the joke! On the contrary, if you perform your part well, he will set you down as an excellent seaman, and send you on shore with a flaming certificate. But, come along; if you are an apt scholar, and don't take too much grog aboard during my tuition, I'll undertake to have you on deck by daydawn, a proficient in the whole ceremony!"

Having, accordingly, been duly instructed by my friend, I was at my post by day-break, quite *au fait* at my part, and full of confidence.

Captain Dinmont received me with his usual gruffness; grinning at me through his eyes like a hyena, and favouring me with a few salutation oaths by way of foretaste of what was to come. When he ordered me to take charge of the vessel, I of course looked very much astonished; pretending to be taken quite unawares, and to be extremely embarrassed.

However, I made no objections, but set to work forthwith; giving his own directions in his own words, and in the same routine order in which he would have given them himself; dropping also every now and then one of his own peculiar phrases, as nearly as I could in his own gruff intonation. The officers on board, all of whom knew the trick, could scarcely maintain their gravity; but Captain Dinmont did not seem to have the slightest suspicion of the caricature. On the contrary, he appeared to be quite pleased with my superior seamanship; and frequently, as the ceremony proceeded, and as I chanced to issue any order peculiarly his own, he would give one of his feline smiles, and ejaculate, "*Excellent! By the Great Immortal, very good!*"

The duty being completed, he signed my certificate without asking me a question; and inclosed it in a note to the other passing captains, which cleared me entirely from any "delicate little inquiries" on their parts. As I jumped over the side into the boat, my "friend and tutor" shook me cordially by the hand, declaring that I had acted my part to the life, "and done the skipper to a turn!"

I now only waited for a vessel to convey me to England; and in about six weeks, not a little to my chagrin, I was ordered a passage on board the Acheron, the very vessel of which this identical Dinmont was commander. She was daily expected from Naples, and was under orders to sail in twenty-four hours after her arrival. I had scarcely time to take leave of my numerous kind friends at Malta, before I was hurried off; heartily cursing the ill-fortune that doomed me to sail with so very unpopular a commander.

However, there was nothing else for it; and, when I went on board, Captain Dinmont seemed very much pleased to see me; and he gave me the charge of a watch over the heads of two or three of his own midshipmen who were considerably my seniors. This arrangement, it might be supposed, was calculated to create an unpleasant feeling towards me in the midshipmen's berth. It had, however, quite a contrary effect; the youngsters whom I had superseded being too much pleased to get rid of a piece of duty, the most disagreeable certainly that I was ever called upon to perform.

The Acheron was most appropriately named; she was a perfect floating Pandemonium. Captain Dinmont to his many other amiable qualities, added that of being a thorough "*tuft-hunter*;" and he carried home a most motley assemblage of rarities, intended as presents to propitiate the smiles of the more influential and useful among his patrons and friends. Amongst other things, he had on board a perfect *menagerie* of all sorts of animals; antelopes, young wild-boars, Greek greyhounds, and so forth. The pet of all, however, was a fine half-grown cub lion, which when the weather permitted, possessed one half of the deck for a couple of hours at a time, under the guidance of a man in the main-rigging, who held him by a rope fastened round his neck.

When this beauty was taking his exercise, the officer of the watch had to retreat to the poop; and what with the growling of the lion, the barking, roaring, and squeaking, of the rest of the collection, together with the incessant snapping and snarling of the *Scotch Terrier*, his situation was certainly anything but an agreeable one.

As for Captain Dinmont, heaven grant that I may never again have anything to do with such an insufferable martinet. His whole study and endeavour seemed to be, how he could make those who were under him as thoroughly miserable as circumstances would permit. Towards myself, his conduct was brutal in the extreme. Perform my duty in what manner I would, I was sure to get cursed and sworn at; and I was rated a dozen times a-day as "an ignorant booby," "a lazy cub," "a d——d good-for-nothing," and so forth.

However, there was nothing for it but "patient resignation." Indeed under similar circumstances, it has always been my rule to wear the exterior of perfect submissiveness; and, keeping down as well as possible the haughty boiling of my blood, patiently, according to the old Scotch legend, to "bide my time." Often, when the ill-usage of the snarling "Terrier" was carried to some insulting excess, have I been tempted to retaliate upon the spot; but I still succeeded in keeping my indignation under due control; satisfied that the time when I would be relieved from his thraldom would eventually arrive, bringing with it perhaps the opportunity of revenging myself for his undeserved and ungentlemanlike treatment.

Yes! I cannot deny that on this occasion I did cherish a feeling of revenge; and those of my readers who may think such a feeling bad or ungenerous, may perhaps be better able to sympathize with me, if they will make a single cruise under a low-bred, illiterate, ill-tempered superior officer!

For two months, including a week at Gibraltar, I had to endure his tyranny; but I was equal with him before we parted!

At Chatham we were paid off, and the officers and ship's company were landed at the dockyard; whence, having received their pay, they were brought once more on board the Acheron, in order to be finally discharged.

On the evening previous to the day on which our discharge was expected, there was a great deal of conversation in the midshipmen's berth, as to the probability of the captain refusing to give us certificates of good conduct. The truth was, we had all come in for so ample a share of his abuse, that none of us could flatter himself with being in any way in his good graces. At all events, we were satisfied, that if he did not *volunteer* the certificates, we had no chance of getting them; so we agreed among ourselves, as the most manly course, that none of us would condescend to ask for them. Indeed, to have done so, would merely have been to expose ourselves to a refusal, accompanied, in all probability, with a parting broadside of his abuse.

For my own part, I cannot say that I had much anxiety upon the subject. I was too well pleased to get rid of the snarling captain; and I determined, as soon as I was at liberty to do so, to leave the ship. And, indeed, as the old horse in the fable said to the broken cart, "little sorrow there would be at parting!"

My chest and other traps were already in the wherry; and I was in the act of shaking hands with my messmates, when I was told that the captain wanted to see me.

"Confound the captain!" I grumbled; "can't he leave me at peace in these my 'last moments!'"

"What can he want with you, Widoe!" said one of my messmates. "I trust no evil!"

"Heaven knows," I replied; "but I suppose I must go and see."

When I reached the cabin, I found the captain sitting, with his clerk opposite to him, at a table covered with papers.

"You are in a great hurry to leave my ship, Mr. Lascelles!" he said, in a sort of sneering tone, and turning half round to me as I entered.

I bowed.

"You have forgotten your certificate!"

I again bowed.

"There," said he, lifting a folded paper from the table, and tossing it towards me. "There sir!—look at it!"

When I opened the paper, I perceived at the first glance that it was not written in the usual form; and on reading it, I found, to my utter surprise, that it contained a very high recommendation of me to any officers under whom I might hereafter serve.

"Well, sir," growled the captain, when I had finished the perusal, and stood with the paper, which I had carefully refolded, in my hand. "Well sir!—will *that* do?"

I again bowed lower than before; and advancing up the cabin, I very deliberately replaced the certificate upon the table.

"What the d—l's the matter now," roared the captain, his eyes flashing with fury. "D—n the fellow, is he not satisfied."

"Captain Dinmont," I replied, in a deliberate and collected tone, "I have been under your command for two months; and during the whole of that time, you have never ceased to abuse me for ignorance, inattention, and everything else that is unbecoming an officer. If I am in truth all which that certificate says I am, I should have met with other treatment at your hands; if I do not merit the encomiums you have there bestowed on me, they are valueless in my eyes."

A short pause ensued. Captain Dinmont's face became absolutely distorted with rage, and his whole frame trembled with agitation.

"Leave the cabin, sir," he roared out, when his fury at last allowed him utterance. "Leave the cabin sir. Start, when I order! You think you are now out of my control; but, by the Great Immortal, you shall find that I have some power over you *still!*"

I had scarcely rejoined my shipmates, when the boat, which lay alongside, with my traps, was ordered to discharge its cargo; and for more than an hour I was kept pacing about the deck, totally ignorant of what was to occur, or of the manner in which the captain would choose to vent his rage upon me.

At length the clerk, who had witnessed the fracas, came on deck; and taking me aside, he told me that the captain had addressed a letter to one of the Lords of the Admiralty, in which he had denounced me as a person totally unfit to have the charge of a watch; nay, more, he had stated that I was negligent, inattentive, and had been more than once found drunk on duty.

"I assure you, sir," continued the clerk, "no one can regret what has occurred more than I do; and I advise you to make an apology, and request the captain to give you the certificate. Should the matter come to a court-martial, sir, I pledge myself to stand by you; but I strongly advise you, as the best couse you can adopt, to apologise."

"I only wish," I replied, "that I had kept the certificate when I had it; and I might then have despised this disgraceful letter. Matters, indeed, at present wear a very threatening aspect. As to a court-martial, I fear I have little chance of obtaining a hearing against my captain; and, as to apologising, I tell you once for all, *I never will!*"

"If you will not do so in person, sir," replied the clerk; "at least allow me to do so in your name. I think Captain Dinmont will still give you the certificate, if you will permit me to state to him that you are sorry for what has happened. Indeed, sir, I think this is your only chance of escaping very serious consequences."

After a good deal of persuasion, I at length gave the good-natured clerk his own way; permitting him to pursue what method he thought most likely to sooth the captain's offended feelings, and to state my willingness to receive the certificate.

Accordingly, after the lapse of about half-an-hour, I was again summoned to the cabin. I found the captain still seated at the table, with a most sarcastic, malevolent grin on his odious countenance; the certificate, and the letter to the Lords of the Admiralty, lying close beside each other before him.

"So, sir," he said, in a sneering tone. "So, sir, you've come to your senses at last, have you, eh? By the Great Immortal, sir, it is well for you that you have. Well, sir; there's the certificate; take it up."

I eagerly laid hold of the important document, and secured it in my pocket.

"Now, sir; be off!—Good bye to you!"

He extended his huge paw towards me as he spoke; intending to honour me by shaking hands.

"Never, sir!" I replied, drawing back my hand, and rejecting the proffered civility. "Never, sir! Untold gold would not bribe me to give the hand of friendship to *you!* Sir, I cannot express the ineffable scorn I feel for you! The contents of that infamous letter before you are perfectly known to me; and I have only to say that baser falseboods never emanated from a human heart! Nay, sir; you need not storm! I am now beyond the reach of your resentment; and whatever steps your unmanly malice may incline you to adopt against me, you will do well to recollect that *I have got your certificate*, and you know what are the contents of the certificate. Represent against me as you will, and where you will; every statement you make to my discredit shall, by the evidence of this certificate, prove you to be a liar! You would do well, sir, for your own sake, to temper your malice, and remember this! Sir, I wish you a good morning!"

Captain Dinmont, like most other bullies, was a coward. He had not a single word to say to me in reply; and, leaving him to digest my address as he best could, I quitted his floating Pandemonium, and went on shore.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES' NEW COMEDY.

The announcement of a new play from the pen of Mr. Knowles comes upon us like an invitation to pass an evening with a valued friend. The very sight of it produces, from old recollections, a glow of good will, and we resolve to go, of course, careless as to the exact quality of the entertainment to be set before us, from a well-grounded confidence that it is sure to be sound and wholesome. Our knowledge of the author determines us not to be churlish if we should find some parts of it not quite worthy of his genius, and our knowledge of his genius prepares us against being surprised if we should find some parts of it quite worthy of *any* author. The impression produced by "The Love Chase," as a whole, is so pleasing, that to find fault with any part of it seems ungrateful,—while the immense applause with which it was received might well bear us out if we were to assert that it is without one: but we suspect that those best qualified to judge will agree in the opinion that it has faults—and to think so and not to say it, would be to compromise ourselves with them. We shall not follow the plot through all its windings and turnings, but state just enough to excite the curiosity of those who are in the habit of visiting theatres, and then give just enough of extracts to whet the appetites of those who read, but do not go. The name of "The Love Chase" is borne out by a series of scenes and incidents which end in the marriages of three of the couples out of the pack engaged in the hunt—namely, Constance (Mrs. Nisbet) and Wildrake (Mr Webster); Lydia (Miss Vandenhoff); Waller (Mr. Elton); Widow Green (Mrs. Glover); and Sir William Fondlove (Mr. Strickland.) The first pair have been brought up together from childhood; and, though accustomed to quarrel and to make it up again, have a secret attachment for each other, which neither is aware of until each is made to believe that the other is about to be married. There is about this pair some similarity to Benedict and Beatrice, but it is not stronger than the likeness between the characters of Katherine and Petrucio, and those of the Duke and Juliana, in the "Honey moon;" like these latter, the characters are well conceived, and admirably worked out. The language they speak is always dramatic, sometimes poetical; and they arrive at their ends by such varied means, as give to the whole the freshness of novelty. The second couple exhibits the case of a young girl of humble station, but (as it proves afterwards) of gentle birth, who is dishonourably sought by a libertine, but who, clinging fast to virtue, reclaims him, and wins from him a proposal of marriage. With regard to this couple, we could point out what appear to us manifest faults, but we are not inclined to dwell on them.

The third pair consists of a silly old amorous baronet, who fancies himself no older at sixty than he was at forty, and a smirking elderly widow on the look-out for preferment. The baronet wishes to marry the widow, who is hunting younger game, but is glad to have him at last, to save herself from the general laugh consequent upon the ridiculous situation into which her vanity has brought her. There are scenes connected with these characters which we should have feared before hand were almost too broad even for farce, but clever writing and good acting carried them safely through.

Trueworth, a friend of Sir William Fondlove, proposes to him that he will affect a passion for his daughter Constance, in order to arouse Wildrake from his seeming apathy:—

Trueworth.—Your guess and my conceit are not a mile
Apart. Unlike to other common flowers,
The flower of love shows various in the bud,
'Twill look a thistle, and 'twill blow a rose!
And with your leave I'll put it to the test;
Affect myself, for thy fair daughter, love—
Make him my confidant—dilate to him
Upon the graces of her heart and mind,
Feature and form—that well may comment bear—
Till—like the practised connoisseur, who finds
A gem of art out in a household picture
The unskill'd owner held so cheap he grudg'd
Renewal of the chipp'd and tarnish'd frame,
But values now as priceless—I'll arouse him
Into a quick sense of the worth of that
Whose merit hitherto, from lack of skill,
Or dulling habit of acquaintanceship,
He has not been awake to.

We could give fifty more extracts, but shall conclude with the following animated and exciting description of the chase by Constance. She has put on a riding-habit and assumed an air somewhat more masculine than usual to meet what she considers to be the taste of the sportsman Wildrake, whom she wishes to conquer. He, in the meantime, has put off his country habiliments for more smart attire, and is awkwardly trying to assume the manners of the town, to fall in, as he thinks, with her wishes.

Constance. Worthy sir,
Souls attract souls, when they're of kindred vein.
The life that you love, I love. Well I know
'Mongst those who breast the feats of the bold chase,
You stand without a peer; and for myself
I dare avow 'mong such none follows them
With heartier glee than I do.

Wildrake.—Churl were he
That would gainsay you, madam!

Constance—(curtesying)—What delight
To back the flying steed, that challenges
The wind for speed!—seems native more of air
Than earth!—whose burden only lends him fire!—
Whose soul, in his task, turns labor into sport!
Who makes your pastime his! I sit him now!
He takes away my breath!—He makes me reel!
I touch not earth—I see not—hear not—All
Is ecstacy of motion!

Wildrake.—You are used,
I see, to the chase.

Constance.—I am, Sir. Then the leap,
To see the saucy barrier, and know
The mettle that can clear it! Then your time,
To prove you master of the manage. Now
You keep him well together for a space;
Both horse and rider braced as you were one,
Scanning the distance—then you give him rein,
And let him fly at it, and o'er he goes,
Light as a bird on wing.

Wildrake.—'Twere a bold leap,
I see, that turn'd you, madam.

Constance—(curtseying.)—Sir, you're good!
And then the hounds, sir! Nothing I admire
Beyond the running of the well trained pack.
The training's everything! Keen on the scent
At fault none losing heart!—but all at work!
None leaving his task to another!—answering
The watchful huntsman's caution, check, or cheer,
As steed his rider's rein! Away they go!
How close they keep together!—what a pack!
Nor turn, nor ditch, nor stream divides them—as
They move with one intelligence, act, will!
And then the concert they keep up!—enough
To make one tenant of the merry wood,
To list to their jocund music!

Wildrake.—You describe
The huntsman's pastime to the life!

Constance.—I love it!
To wood and glen, hamlet and town, it is
A laughing holiday!—Not a hill-top
But's then alive!—Footmen with horsemen vie,
All earth's astir, roused with the revelry
Of vigor, health, and joy! Cheer awakes cheer,
While mimic Echo's tongue, that never tires,
Keeps up the hearty din! Each face is then
Its neighbor's glass—where gladness sees itself,
And, at the bright reflection, grows more glad!
Breaks into ten'old mirth!—laughs like a child!
Would make a gift of its heart, it is so free!
Would scarce accept of a kingdom, 'tis so rich!
Shakes hands with all, and vows it never knew
That life was life before!

London Athenæum.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

"During my sojourn at Prague," said the Duke de Vicenza, "there occurred to me a very strange adventure, which afforded a little diversion from my graver occupations. I will relate it to you," added he with a smile, "but I forewarn you that I must make some reservations—I cannot tell all. Will you hear my story on this condition?"

"On any condition you choose to make, Duke," replied I, eagerly. "Pray begin, I am all attention."

"One evening," said the Duke, "in strict *incognito*, and attired in a brown surtout, with a pistol concealed in my bosom, I rode, followed by my groom, through one of the suburbs of Prague. I directed my course towards a house situated about half-a-league from the city. On arriving within sight of the walls of a park which surrounded a very pretty habitation, I alighted from my horse. Wait for me Frank, said I to my groom; but if I am not here by midnight, you may take the horses back to the hotel. I walked on at a rapid pace (directing my steps according to certain instructions I had received), until I reached a door, which was immediately opened. A little female hand was stretched out to me, and a soft voice murmured in my ear: 'Say not a word; but let me conduct you.' I am a fool, thought I; but no matter, I must go on. After several turnings and windings we reached a kiosque, the door of which was closed. My conductress stopped, listened, looked cautiously round her, and then opened the door. We entered, she again closed the door, and then, trembling with alarm, she threw herself on a sofa. In a few moments, having somewhat recovered herself, she gracefully motioned me to sit down, and resting her elbow on the cushions of the sofa, she languishingly leaned her head on her hand, and remained silent.

"This is a tolerably romantic commencement, is it not? But indeed the whole affair was nothing short of a romance, as you shall hear

"After my first feeling of astonishment was somewhat dispelled, I began to survey the objects around me. A single light, burning in a globe of alabaster, illumined an apartment tastefully fitted up in the form of a tent, and decorated with various elegant and costly trifles, indicative of taste and wealth. On the table were an album and box of colours, and several sketches. One of these designs was a view of the Palace of St. Petersburgh, on the side occupied by the Empress's apartments; the Empress herself was represented standing in the balcony, and the likeness was striking. Here and there, in various parts of the room, were scattered books, journals, and music. I gazed on the lady, who now seemed to be quite overwhelmed by the consciousness of the strange step she had taken. She was young, and coquettishly dressed in a robe of clear white muslin, whose vapoury folds displayed to advantage her slender and graceful form. Her hair, which was of a bright chesnut brown, was negligently gathered up behind, and confined by a gold comb, whilst a profusion of long ringlets encircled, and indeed almost entirely shaded her countenance. She raised towards me her large dark eyes, in whose expression pride and resolution were forcibly depicted; and rearing her head with an air of dignity, which I thought rather amusing, considering the position in which she had imprudently placed herself, she darted at me an interrogating glance, which informed me that I was expected to speak first. I said; 'Madame, I have obeyed your summons.'

"'And you have taken your time to reflect on it, Duke.'

"'Your first message, Madame—'

"'Did not presage a *bonne fortune*. You Frenchmen are so vain!'

"'Oh, Madame,' I exclaimed, laughing, 'the mystification is perfect. It would indeed be unpardonable vanity to aspire to the honour of being distinguished by you. I would not for the world incur a second reproach, that of indiscreetly prolonging this agreeable visit. I am here, Madame, in obedience to your commands, pray vouchsafe to inform me why I am summoned hither?'

"She turned upon me a look in which I could plainly read a mingled expression of hatred and curiosity.

"'I am a poor diplomatist, Duke,' said she. 'I have not learned the art of dissembling and deceiving—of setting at nought solemn oaths and pledges of good faith. I am a true Muscovite, and I hate the French.' She uttered these latter words in a most emphatic tone, and evidently under the influence of uncontrollable excitement. 'Poor Elise!' she resumed, 'you ought not to have charged me with this commission. If thou hadst possessed a true Russian heart, no Frenchman could ever have wrung tears from thy eyes!'

"Elise!—on hearing that name a sudden thrill pervaded my whole frame. Surely, thought I, some demon is at the ground of all this—some treacherous snare is laid to entrap me! As these reflections crossed my mind, I involuntarily placed my hand on my pistol.

"'Duke,' exclaimed the lady energetically, 'I know not what idea you have formed of me; but of all the conjectures which the seeming levity of my conduct may warrant, there probably is none which is not an insult.' I made a sign of negation.

"'Do not interrupt, but hear me,' she continued. 'I am a native of Moscow—of Moscow, which is now devastated, and profaned by the French! I was twelve years of age when I lost my mother. My father, who occupied a distinguished rank at the court of Russia, placed me under the guardianship of—of—(Here the Duke de Vicenza paused, and begged I would excuse him mentioning the name of the person alluded to.) I was entered at the establishment for the education of noble young ladies at St Petersburgh. There I learned to love and revere my amiable protectress; and, indeed, I soon became as much attached to her as though she had been my mother. My affection for her was filial, enthusiastic, devoted, and submissive, and her name was daily mingled with my prayers.'

"'This, Duke, will suffice to explain to you why you are here—why I have consented to see and converse with an enemy of my country!

"'On the day on which I completed my fifteenth year, my father came to visit me; 'Feodora,' said he, 'this evening you are to sign in the Emperor's cabinet your contract of marriage with Count ——, and in a week hence he will become your husband. Go and pay your respects to your mistress and take leave of your companions, you must leave this establishment immediately.' I was overjoyed; for I was now to be freed from school restraint, whilst at the same time I could see my beloved protectress as often as I wished. Eight days after this I was married. I was now no longer a child, no longer even a young girl, though only fifteen years of age. I became the friend and confidant of my adopted mother, my dear Elise. I was speedily introduced into the brilliant sphere of fashionable life, composed as it is of pleasure and grief, honours and humiliations, burning recollections and bitter regrets. Elise, the noble minded Elise, had been the victim of love. The man on whom she had conferred her whole heart and affection forsook her—sacrificed her to some necessity. You are moved, Duke. You are possibly at a loss to comprehend how a man can break a heart that has been surrendered to him—a heart that has been faithful to its vows and to the religion of love! Poor confiding Elise! The man she adored once said to her—"Ask for my life, my blood, but do not ask me for what I cannot give you; for I would rather die than refuse you anything." Yet scarcely had two years elapsed, when Elise kneeling at the feet of this man, said to him—'Do not depart, Armand. Behold me at your feet! You know I cannot live without you. I cannot exist where you are not. Grant me this sacrifice, the only one I will ever seek in return for the many I have made to you. Your country is dearer to you than I—than my love! Rank, wealth, honours, are offered to you here. Accept them Armand, accept them, I conjure you! We count many illustrious French names among the inhabitants of Russia. Remain with us, then, dear Armand. Your duty, you say, calls you 800 leagues from me. Alas! I fear you never truly loved me. When you offered me your life you were insincere; for in this fatal hour there is something which you prefer to me. You tell me now that honour is more powerful than love, that you can die for me, but not live dishonoured with me. Alas! why did you not tell me when I first laid my head on your bosom, that the love you vowed to me was merely conditional. Had you told me so I would have plunged into the Neva.' She said all this, Duke, and many more touching things. Yet this man forsook her!'

"I was almost petrified," said the Duke de Vicenza. "The scene which this mysterious female had described was still fresh in my recollection, it carried me back to a happy period of my life. I cannot tell how I armed myself with courage to resist the seductions of the passion which then possessed me, for I adored Elise. My love for her was of that ardent and engrossing kind which will not permit us either to calculate or to measure danger; and this *liaison* was attended with great danger both to her and to me. Circumstances must have been very imperious, honour must have appealed with a very loud voice, before I could have resolved to break those sweet bands—to renounce that happiness for which I daily placed my life in jeopardy. But a woman of ardent feeling, who gives more than her life in exchange for love, cannot comprehend that there must arrive a fatal hour when she must be sacrificed to inexorable destiny! I was lost in my reveries, when the voice of Feodora roused me.

"'Well, Duke,' said she, 'have you nothing to communicate to me?'

"'Madame,' replied I, 'you have pronounced a name with which is connected a secret that must for ever remain buried in my heart. That name which I used fondly to repeat in the days of my happiness, shall never again be uttered by my lips. Have you been entrusted with any message for me? The sacrifice of my honour excepted, she knows well that I am devoted to her in life and death!'

"'Ah!' said my interlocutor contemptuously, 'again there is a restriction to your devotedness!' She approached the table, and touching a spring opened a drawer, which was ingeniously concealed by the markings of the wood. From the drawer she took a richly embossed portfolio, and presenting it to me she said: 'This contains a letter. I will take charge of your answer, Duke.'

"I eagerly seized the portfolio, and took leave of the Countess. She conducted me from the kiosque with the same precautions as those observed on my entrance. This is not precisely a *bonne fortune*, thought I, as I mounted my horse, which speedily carried me back to my hotel. During the whole night my imagination was busily employed in retracing the circumstances of this strange interview. This mysterious woman had evidently been made the depositary of an important secret. The letter presented to me left no doubt of the unbounded confidence reposed in Feodora. And what a strange being was she! So frank and bold in expressing her hatred of the French, and yet so beautiful and captivating in spite of her rebellious spirit.

"I carried to Feodora my answer to the letter she had given me in the portfolio. I don't know how it happened, but I took pleasure in trying to tame this fierce little Muscovite, and the consequence was that my visits to her became more and more frequent, and at length daily. In truth, Feodora was a very charming woman.

"One morning, a few days previously to my departure from Prague, my valet delivered to me a packet which a courier had left late on the preceding night. On tearing off the envelope I found three letters. Two of them, which were in the same handwriting as that I had first received, showed by their date that they had not been punctually forwarded. Poor Feodora had not been over anxious to remind me of the love I owed to another. She was well aware that the transient impressions she herself had produced could not efface the profound sentiment which was concealed in the inmost recesses of my heart. But even as it was, this little infidelity oppressed me with the weight of remorse, and for the thousandth time in my life I felt how much women are superior to men.

"I mechanically opened Feodora's letter. It ran as follows:—

"'When you peruse these lines, Armand, there will be between you and Feodora the abyss which separates repentance and guilt. Yes, Armand, I say guilt, for can there be a greater crime than to betray one's benefactress in her confidence and in her love! It is base to forget the duties of daughter and wife for the enemy of one's country—for a Frenchman! But I need not vent on you reproaches which you cannot comprehend.

"The period of expiation commenced yesterday. You were to have come and you failed to do so. Throughout the long night, during which I looked for you in vain, I uttered imprecations on you. On my knees I confessed the fault of which I have been guilty, and I felt all the horror of remorse. I now look upon you as a demon in the form of an angel, and the remembrance of you will henceforth haunt me like a frightful phantom. Noble Elise, you are avenged!'

"When I perused this extraordinary note I could with difficulty persuade myself that I was not dreaming. Indeed the singular circumstances attending my introduction to this woman are enveloped in a veil of mystery, which time has not yet raised. Feodora's letter was accompanied by a little billet containing the following lines:—

"'The cause of the Emperor Napoleon is lost—nothing can save France from ruin. Your efforts are vain. Abandon the Corsican tyrant. The magnanimous Alexander will receive you, and in serving him you may usefully serve your country. The illustrious General Moreau felt that he had a divine mission to fulfil. He has crossed the seas to overthrow the oppressor of his country. Moreau is now in the camp of the allied powers'

"I was lost in a maze of conjectures. Who was this Feodora. I made inquiries respecting her. 'The Russian lady set off twenty-four hours ago,' replied the porter of the house in which she resided. I questioned some Russians of my acquaintance; but in the first place I did not know her family name, and next, I had strong reasons for being guarded in my investigations. In fine, the beautiful and haughty Muscovite is to this day known to me only as the fantastic Feodora.

* * * * * *

"I will now," said the Duke de Vicenza, "relate to you what occurred after I rejoined the Emperor at Gorlitz, together with some curious details of the terrific catastrophe of Leipsic. On hearing them you will probably concur with me in thinking that if contemporaries have the right to impute faults to Napoleon, those faults have been far exceeded by the magnitude of the expiation.

"On the 18th of August I reached the head-quarters at Gorlitz, and if I did not bring from Bohemia the official declaration of war on the part of Austria, the information I had acquired left me no doubt on the subject. When I entered the Emperor's apartments at Gorlitz, the Prince de Neufchatel was in the act of dispatching orders to the different corps. 'Berthier,' said the Emperor, 'send off orderlies this instant. Detain Gourgaud; tell him to await my orders.' Then advancing to me he added: 'Well, Caulincourt, what news have you?'

"At that moment a cabinet usher announced the Duke of Otranto. My looks must have reflected the feelings that were passing in my mind, for the Emperor said to me, 'Ah! you will see some others whom you little expect.' The sight of Fouché certainly surprised as well as annoyed me; I could not conceive why his presence was required at the head-quarters of the army. I felt towards Fouché one of those instinctive aversions which almost always find their justification in after circumstances. Intercourse with the world never taught me to disguise my antipathies with any degree of success. Fouché, therefore, was well aware that I did not like him, and he on his part cordially returned my aversion.

"'Duke of Otranto,' said the Emperor, addressing Fouché, 'in appointing you Governor of my Illyrian Provinces I give a signal proof of my confidence in your capacity. You must oppose the machinations of Baron Stein with your utmost ability. Keep your eye upon intriguers. Banish all plotters without mercy. Send them to any town in France, with notes to the Prefect and Commissary General of the Department, and at the some time direct to them the attention of the General Police of Paris. I have firebrands enough in my capital without getting more from Germany. Your powers give you great latitude; and, except in cases of very grave importance, you may decide without referring to me. There must be firmness, and, above all, promptitude, in the operations of the police. No concessions—no compromise with agitators. Half measures are always injurious, and they never gain over an enemy. Politics and sentiment do not accord; you know that well. Go, then, Duke of Otranto; I count on your zeal and ability.'

"'Your Majesty knows that I am devoted to you in life and death; and the post to which you have appointed me will afford opportunities of giving renewed proofs of my devotedness.'

"'I know it—I know it—you will send me every day an accurate report of the feeling of the inhabitants for and against my government. The well-disposed you may stroke with a cat's-paw; but shew claws to the disaffected. Imbue your mind thoroughly with the truth that public feeling is at the disposal of him who knows how to dispose of it. Proclaim on the house tops my resolution never to abandon the Illyrian Provinces. You understand! This is the only means of checking defections and defeating guilty schemes and hopes. See that the supplies of the garrisons are properly kept up. Neglect nothing that is useful; and report to me every fact with which you think I ought to be made acquainted. In present circumstances a Governor-General of conquered Provinces must be like a vigilant *vidette* at an advanced post.'

"The Governor General of the Illyrian Provinces took his leave, placing his hand on his heart, and bowing to the very ground; but in the sinister expression of Fouché's eyes hideous things could be read. Two years afterwards this man insulted and persecuted his unfortunate sovereign and master.

"When Fouché had withdrawn, the Emperor took up some papers which he glanced over without saying a word. This art was quite characteristic of Napoleon. The fact is, he had fully seized the ideas which were passing in my mind, and though we had never entered into any explanation of our mutual opinions of Fouché, yet I feel assured that on this occasion Napoleon shared all my apprehensions. Yet his self-love (and Napoleon had a large share of that quality) would not permit him to condescend to a sort of defence of the Duke of Otranto, who had been justly disgraced; but my silent disapprobation annoyed him. He wished that I should provoke an explanation, and I determined not to do so. This was not often the sort of footing on which we stood, in reference to one another, and he frequently called me *barre de fer*.

"According to his custom he explained to me a few days afterwards the motives which had determined him to give the government of the Illyrian Provinces to the Duke of Otranto. This appointment was in reality an act of policy. Mallet's affair was present in the Emperor's mind. This bold enterprise showed what a man of daring spirit might attempt with success, and the Emperor deemed it unsafe to leave behind him in Paris a man so dissatisfied and dangerous as Fouché. He adroitly concealed his distrust under the plausible reason of opposing the artful police of Fouché to the occult but all powerful police of Baron Stein, the leader of the scores of illuminati which were then rising upon all sides. Stein constituted himself a director of public opinion, and by the aid of quasi democratic professions he had stirred up an insurrectionary spirit in numerous public schools and universities. There was at that time a rage for secret associations in Germany, and the indefatigable Stein was found at the head of them all.

"The Emperor, whose eagle eye could penetrate revolutions, said to me: 'It answers my policy to have it understood that I am opposing Fouché to Baron Stein: but, after all, what can be done by Fouché and all our French Police in Illyria, against the formidable influence of the secret societies which infest Germany! At the present moment, these associations are wonderfully serviceable to the Allied Powers, who employ them as active and devoted auxiliaries of time. They will use them as machines for working their own aids, until the time arrive when they will find it convenient to consign all these young fanatical heads to the axe of the executioner.'

"As to Fouché, he was perfectly aware of the real motive which influenced his appointment to the government of Illyria. He therefore left Paris with any thing but satisfied feelings, though he affected gratification. He bowed beneath the rod which had hitherto spared him, and which now inflicted so paternal a chastisement. The time had not yet arrived when he could with impunity defy and insult his benefactor. On this subject I can relate to you many horrible traits to which I was witness at Fontainebleau and Paris, after Waterloo."

THE QUEEN AT EXETER.

"Poets have sung, and sages have moralized, and theologians have preached, and witlings have punned upon the various changes of position and prospects experienced by man in his progress from the cradle to the grave. But no change as to the present or the future has been more striking than that exemplified in the career of the youthful lady who now sways the sceptre of these realms. A hermit at large, who have lived both *in* the world and *out* of it, I am old enough to recollect her Majesty under very varying aspects. I remember her——"

"Where?" interrupted my scapegrace cousin, crushing without remorse my incipient soliloquy.

"At Exeter: the guest of an intelligent, fluent, active, worldly-minded country attorney.

"Absurd! You're dreaming."

"Very likely, in a turnip-field, at two in the afternoon, with a Manton under my arm, and a covey of partridges in my pocket!"

"But to your story."

"It runs thus. You are not old enough to remember, but I do thoroughly and minutely, the discrepancy in opinions, pursuits, and feelings which existed between George the Fourth, when Prince Regent, and the late Duke of Kent. Whether this alienation arose from the line of politics espoused by the Duke, or from his avowed leaning towards the cause of the Princess of Wales, or from the influence of private feelings, cannot now be ascertained. At all events the Regent and the Duke appeared brothers in blood rather than in affection. The most intimate associates of the latter were to be found among the most determined opponents of the Government; the peculiar tastes and chosen intimates of the Regent were most carefully eschewed by the Duke; and his Royal Highness very rarely made his appearance at Court. In the feeling of their Royal master the retainers of the Regent, as a matter of course, participated; and among them none more dutifully and devotedly than the late Bishop Pelham.

"Pelham—peace to his manes!—was the most pliable of Prelates, and the most courtly of courtiers. No man could flatter the Regent more adroitly, appeal to his foibles more successfully, or defer to his opinions more gracefully. He was singularly happy in his compliments, and as to tact, he never uttered a *mauvaise plaisanterie* in his life. With the Court were bound up all the leading events of his life. He owed his elevation to the Bench mainly to the Regent's partiality to his agreeable gossip; was banished the circle (and, what was worse!) pinned to Lincoln in consequence of repeating incautiously an idle rumour touching the gift of some Crown jewels to a well-known favourite. Consistent to the last, he died in his vocation and calling. Court etiquette brought him to his long home. He owed his death entirely to a cold caught while attending the Duke of York's funeral. Rest and bless him! He was 'an honour to his order,' as Sir Edward Nagle once said of him—'a thorough gentlemanly Bishop—played an excellent rubber—shuffled a pack through and through in three seconds—could restore the Regent to good humour at any hour—brewed admirable punch—and, in his little black apron, drove four-in-hand, as the Exeter people could testify, with a steadiness and skill which practice alone could give!'"

"You've lost yourself!" interrupted my precipitate companion.

"Not a bit of it! I have merely found the Bishop:—a very prominent actor in the scene, if you will only allow him to advance and play his part."

"Hark forward then!"

"While this mutual feeling of distance and reserve between the Royal brothers was at its height, the unforeseen demise of the Princess Charlotte rendered it a matter of state policy that some of the Royal Dukes should marry; and he of Kent contracted that union which England has such cause to hold in grateful recollection. With a limited income, heavy debts, and an increased expenditure, his Royal Highness resolved on removing to Sidmouth, for the double purpose of retirement and retrenchment. The intelligence soon found its way to Bishop Pelham, and struck the Courtly Prelate with inconceivable dismay. Sidmouth was in his diocese. The Duke in his journey thither must necessarily pass through Exeter, and would probably rest there. He would expect to be entertained at the Palace. And, in ordinary cases, as a member of the Royal Family, Court etiquette required that the Palace should at once be placed at his Royal Highness's entire disposal. But then the Regent! And, moreover, the comments and additions which the invitation might provoke in the Carlton House circle! It was not to be thought of. The hazard was too great to be encountered with prudence. Propriety dictated a different course. And, accordingly, a confirmation or a visitation, or a conseeration was found indispensably requisite in some very distant parish of the diocese. The carpets were rolled up, and the curtains taken down, and the chairs covered, and the plate removed, and the porter alone was found in charge of the Palace when his Royal Highness, the Duchess, and her present Majesty reached, worn and weary, towards the close of a gloomy autumnal day, the ancient and the loyal city of Exeter.

"But there was a shrewd, clever, provident spirit there who, though acting as secretary to the Bishop, and of course privy to all his Right Reverend master's doubts and difficulties, shared his confidence but not his fears. This was the late Mr. Thomas Turner, of Exeter. It struck him that the honour which the courtly Pelham, having the fear of losing Winchester or Durham before his eyes, so unequivocally declined, he might with advantage appropriate to himself. His logic was admirable. Because the Bishop lived, and moved, and breathed in dread of the Regent's frown, it did not follow that his secretary was to do the same. He was a loyal man, and therefore venerated *every* member of his Sovereign's family. The Bishop might go to —— France! He could entertain the Duke himself!

"In pursuance of this determination, previous to his entering Exeter, Mr. Turner met his Royal Highness on his way from Salisbury, where he had been a guest at the Palace. Bishop Fisher, who then held the see, was a splendid specimen of a gentle and high-minded scholar, whom no elevation of station could betray into superciliousness, and no accession of fortune tempt into a forgetfulness of former kindness. He had been tutor to the Princess Charlotte, and largely shared her affection and confidence. Her death made no change in his sentiments. He never shrank from the avowal that the Princess of Wales had experienced unbounded provocation, and that for her large and liberal allowance should be made; aware though he was, that by such a declaration he gave a death-blow to all hope of further advancement in his profession. He had been tutor to the Duke of Kent, and invariably spoke of him as a high hearted and exemplary man—as, in intellect, acquirements, and principles, an ornament to the Royal Family; though he needed not to be told, that the very mention of the Duke's name—far more of his virtues—was the most unpalatable subject (his wife excepted) which could be broached in the hearing of the Regent's Court.

"Such a friend the Duke had quitted when Mr. Turner presented himself, and announced his mission. Whatever was the language in which Mr. Turner couched his request—and he could speak well and ably upon occasion—it found favour with the personage to whom it was addressed. It was resolved by the Royal party that his house in the close should be their resting-place for the night; and thither the elated lawyer had the happiness of conducting them, and of playing host to the son of his Sovereign, and, as it afterwards appeared, to the future Queen of England. But with Exeter much that is interesting and historical is connected; it could not be passed through with indifference. The Cathedral was to be inspected, and Rougemont Castle was to be visited, and the house where Queen Henrietta took refuge was to be glanced through; moreover, the corporation were desirous of presenting an address, and the distinguished party remained another day under Mr. Turner's roof. Many traits of the frankness and *bonhommie* of the Royal Duke were current at the moment, but none seems to tell more pleasantly of him than this. When he handed his handsome hostess down to dinner—and a very lovely woman she was—alas! that one should have to say of the exemplary and self-denying Prince, and of his delighted entertainers, each and all are silent in the grave!—she expressed her fears that his Royal Highness would miss much of the ceremony and etiquette due to him from his rank, from her thorough unacquaintance with the usages of Court.

"'Of etiquette and ceremony I do not see much,' was his reply; 'but in their place I observe an abundance of what I prize more—real hospitality, heart, and feeling.'

The Duchess was at the time barely able to speak a dozen words of English; and Mrs. Turner, who, to save her life, could not converse in German, and was not altogether *au fait* in French, was occasionally horribly at a loss to make her Royal Highness comprehend the civilities she desired to show her; but her face and manner spoke for her, and at parting the Duchess said—

"'I no spek mudch to you, nor you to me; but I no forget you.'

"The impression which Mr. Turner made upon the Duke's mind during his stay at Exeter was strengthened by subsequent intercourse. On many points during his residence at Sidmouth the Duke referred to him; and on his regretted demise, his Royal Highness's affairs were placed, temporarily, in Mr. Turner's hands, who amply fulfilled the expectations formed of him.

"With the lamentable event which so abruptly terminated the Duke's sojourn at Sidmouth we are all familiar; one fact relating to it is curious. When Dr. Wilson found that the inflammation which had attacked the Duke was unchecked by the remedies he had suggested, he requested further medical aid might be called in; and Dr. Maton, the Duke's favourite medical man, was sent for, express, from London. He arrived at Sidmouth only in time to see the Duke die. On his return to London, some few days after the Duke's obsequies were celebrated, he was surprised by a summons commanding his presence before the King at Carlton House. George the Fourth was desirous of hearing from Dr. Maton's lips the particulars of the Duke's closing hours, and, while Dr. Maton gave them, was visibly agitated. 'Now,' said Dr. Maton, when stating this circumstance, 'for this display of emotion I was not prepared. I have known professionally many members of the Royal Family. From my long attendence on Queen Charlotte, I had ample opportunities of privately ascertaining the disposition and bent of each. I knew the feeling which, when the Duke of Kent was living, George the Fourth, then Regent, entertained for him; and if ever I saw conscience do her work in the breast of a King, it was when the Reigning Monarch writhed over the recital of his brother's last hours.'"

TARRARE.

COLONIZATION OF THE EASTERN ARCHIPELAGO.

Sir Stamford Raffles—than whom it would be difficult to name a higher authority upon every subject connected with the eastern islands—has expressly recommended colonization, and that upon a large scale, as offering the most flattering prospect of commmercial advantages, and at the same time as the most effectual method of civilizing the barbarous inhabitants. After mentioning a settlement which the English had formed some years ago at Balambangar, an island on the north coast of Borneo, and which they subsequently abandoned, he points out the causes of its failure—a bad choice of situation and its having been merely a military occupation, without any attempt on the part of the Government to attract the commercial interests. He then proceeds to point out Maladu, a part of the north-east coast of Borneo, a well-known healthy spot, and which, with the advantages of fertility and rich production common to all these islands, has the additional recommendation of bordering upon the lakes connected with the gold countries; that is, the district; the town so called is forty miles distant; but a very large tract of the surrounding country, including Balambangar and Maladu, already belongs to the English, having been ceded to Lord Minto in 1810, at the solemn invitation of the Sultan of Borneo, and after a formal resignation of certain claims on the part of the Batavian Government.

But before we proceed to examine the immense mine of commercial wealth which, under able and efficient management, these islands are capable of yielding, it may be advisable again to advert to the ultra barbarism of that portion of the Malays who, being in possession of the greatest part of the sea-coast, have rendered, and continue to render, the navigation of these seas perilous in the extreme to the weakly armed trader or distressed vessel. The author above mentioned, who, during five years, was Lieutenant-Governor of Java, and who had previously occupied the same station at Penang, to talents of no common order joined a considerable degree of discrimination and candour. In his "History of Java," published in 1817, shortly after his return to England, he displays, in unaffected language, the rich prize which the English Government, with a facility not common among nations, had lately resigned. Scarcely deigning, however, to waste a word of regret on the loss of an acquisition which had cost us some blood and much treasure, he cites the extensive and lucrative trade which the Dutch had once established at Batavia, reaching towards the east from China and Japan to Kamtschatka, as an example which our very advantageous position in India generally would enable us to follow with every prospect of superior benefit.

In stating his opinion of the Malays, and the best mode of repressing their atrocities, he takes a more favourable view of their national character, and ascribes these rather to their mode of government than to their natural disposition. After describing the flourishing condition of these islands at a former period—their extensive commerce, their wealth, and considerable progress in the arts, attested by splendid ruins still in existence,—he proceeds to inform us that from

various causes they have fallen into a state of anarchy. In each of the larger islands, and probably in all, there is a sovereign, who is commonly styled Sultan, whose authority, though acknowledged by all as supreme, has become merely nominal, except in his own immediate neighbourhood. The governors, who are frequently Arabs, assume the most perfect independence, and, for the most part, are a living specimen of all that cruelty, extortion, and tyrannical insolence which seems in every quarter of the globe to belong more or less to the Mahometan character. Constantly at war with each other, and grasping at a monopoly of trade, on the one hand, they can only support their power by means of a desperate band of ruffians, whom they are compelled to indulge in every atrocity; and, on the other their stupid avarice, stimulated as much by the necessity of gratifying this banditti as by their own wants and passions, has, as a natural result, operated to the entire ruin of commerce, and driven the once peaceful trader to become a pirate by profession.

Unfortunately this is a business too congenial to the Malay character, and the Mahometanism which most of them profess, to be either unpopular or disgraceful: on the contrary, the atrocities of these ruffians are celebrated in their songs and at their feasts. "Hence," says Sir Stamford Raffles, "the pirates, as they drive the peaceable and honest trader from the coast, recruit their numbers from the seafaring men to whom he used to give employment. The decay of commerce is accelerated, and the natives retreat into the interior for want of a market; they cease to collect the rich productions of their country, and rapidly sink into poverty and barbarism. The sea and coast remain a scene of violence, rapine, and cruelty; the mouths of the rivers are held by a lawless banditti, who interrupt the trade of those who inhabit their banks, and capture the vessels destined for the inland towns; the bays and harbours are entirely within their power; and in these smooth seas they are never driven a moment from their stations or diverted by danger from their predatory vigilance: thus they are ever upon the watch to pounce upon the unguarded and the weak, and never fail to take an instant advantage of any of those numerous casualties by which even a ship of force may sometimes be reduced to a state of helpless distress."

But it is not by sea alone that these pirates are a pest to their own beautiful country and a nuisance to the civilized trader and voyager; they often make plundering expeditions into the interior, rob the inhabitants of their property, and, sweeping the soil of its entire produce, carry it off to the sea-coast, where they sell it to such customers as chance may offer. This has, in numerous instances, been the immediate cause of that utter barbarism and savage destitution which is so repulsively conspicuous in most of the inland parts. Notwithstanding the richness of the soil, the natives in despair have ceased to cultivate; and this state of anarchy and violence has existed so long, and been carried to such a dreadful excess, that every vestige of former civilization has expired before its withering influence.

This state of things, which is far from being overcharged, imperiously demands the effectual interference of the English Government, who have important interests to protect in that quarter, and whose influence, properly exerted, may confer a blessing on the wretched inhabitants; first by insuring them protection of person and property, which must be preceded by the utter extirpation or dispersion of the pirates; secondly, by training them to peaceful habits, and a subordination to established laws, which can only be effected by taking possession at once of some considerable portion of the soil adjoining to the sea-coast and of the harbours most favourable for navigation; thereby introducing, inculcating, and enforcing the arts of peace and civilization.

Raffles, Marsden, and others, whose experience enabled them to judge, have noticed the north-east coast of Borneo, above mentioned, as the most favourable spot for the erection of a line of forts, which would at once control the pirates in their favourite haunts, and afford the most centrical position for commerce. But the first-mentioned writer protests against a mere military occupation; he thinks that experienced commercial men might easily be attracted to form settlements in these parts under the strong protection of an English Government. The immense profits of the Dutch in Java, and the revenue they drew from their eastern possessions, may be tolerably appreciated from a few well-known facts ascertained by Sir Stamford Raffles during his government. What was called the gold and silver trade with Japan returned yearly a million and a half of guilders in pure gold, besides a proportionate quantity of silver and other commodities. Taking advantage of their favourable position, before their wars with the English which have been ruinous to their prosperity in the East, the Dutch were accustomed to range along the whole eastern coast of Asia as far as Kamtschatka, from which latter place they brought the rich furs which are sure to find a market, and to fetch a very high price in China. Marshal Daendels, who commanded for the Dutch in Batavia previous to its occupation by the English in 1810, notwithstanding that the trade had long been crippled, and that all communication between Batavia and the mother-country had been cut off for years, yet found means to clothe, equip, feed, and pay an army of fifteen thousand disciplined troops out of the resources of the island alone, the manufacturing process being chiefly performed by natives under European inspection*.

Again, as a proof the attractions to commercial enterprise which these islands would everywhere afford, under the protection of the English flag, we are told by Sir Stamford Raffles that in 1815, when Batavia had been just four years in our possession, the tonnage cleared out at that one settlement was no less than 63,564 tons (European), and of native vessels 9154 tons.

At a time when most of the channels of trade in the Old World are choked up or reduced to a periodical stagnation by competition, and when a redundant population makes it difficult even for people of small capital to procure a decent subsistence in the ordinary pursuits of life, a field of enterprise holding out so vast a prospect of commercial remuneration and employment, and at the same time enlisting the best feelings of humanity in its favour, carries with it its own recommendation. There would be no violation of any right—for either the territory proposed to be occupied already belongs to us by treaty, or it is in the possession of a banditti, the common enemies of mankind, whose only claim to the coasts they occupy is force. Religion itself is interested in the success of such an undertaking as would render English influence paramount among the natives, while the Malays, properly so called, are represented as being by no means so fanatically attached to the creed of Islam as other Mahometans. The Dysachs of Borneo and the natives of the Celebes, Papua, and many of the other islands, are pagans sunk in the grossest ignorance and superstition; the Mahometanism of the Malays themselves is mixed up with much of the same leaven; so that the general spread of Christianity might reasonably be expected as the first and most sacred result of an attempt to raise this miserable people from the state of utter degradation into which they have fallen.

But the first step towards insuring the success of any system of colonization upon a large scale would undoubtedly be to secure, if possible, the friendship and co-operation of the existing Sultan of the island in which it is intended to establish a domicile. This may easily be effected by rendering him such powerful assistance in reducing his rebel subjects to submission as England could supply more readily and effectually than any other power. In every island there is an acknowledged sovereign, usually styled the Sultan, whose authority, though actually set at defiance everywhere out of his own immediate precincts, is nevertheless everywhere nominally acknowledged.

This alone points out the most natural means of establishing some sort of regular government among the natives; and, as the sovereigns, when reinstated in power and restored to their just rights, would be made responsible for any acts of violence committed in their jurisdiction, and assisted, if necessary, in punishing the delinquents, this (if it could be effected) would be a most important step towards the pacification of these seas, and an improved intercourse with the inhabitants. Nor, considering the immense superiority which their arts, science, and discipline must at all times command to our people over insulated tribes of half-armed savages, does this appear at all an unsurmountable difficulty. A small squadron, which might probably be rapidly collected from the cruizers who are at present without any direct employment in the Indian seas, would be sufficient for the naval part of an expedition, or which should have for its object to range along the whole length of coast, seize upon and occupy certain favourable stations; destroy the vessels and drive away the inhabitants without distinction, in such ports or lurking places as have become notorious for piracy, and compel all peaceful *bonâ fide* traders to obtain a protection from some competent English authority previous to sailing.

This of course must be given them gratuitously; but attended with such forms and precautions as to make the owners responsible for the character and conduct of their crews—at least to lend a clue to the discovery of the authors of any violence. As to any such document from a native prince, it cannot at present be relied on; and as the trader fairly pleads a want of arms for his own defence, the mere possession of these is no actual proof of a piratical intention; so that our officers are often considerably puzzled how to treat the proas they fall in with, even when armed; though a knowledge of the Malay character justifies the belief that when a favourable opportunity offers there is little distinction between the professional and the volunteer cut throat. It is clear that a very small naval force would be sufficient to scour the open seas; nor would the description of the force so employed be of any great importance: a large ship, as being able to carry and to spare more hands, would be efficient in that respect; but a sloop, or gun-boat, or cutter, would have the advantage of drawing less water, and being thus enabled to close more readily with the enemy.

The real difficulties of every expedition would, however, belong to the river service; the storming of harbours, and the like. When it is remembered that the proa is as light as a hencoop, it is obvious that, to follow them with success into the creeks and corners where they shelter, a light species of flat-bottomed boats, capable, however, of containing a considerable number of men, with arms, &c., would be most efficient in such a war. Every ship or vessel of burden ought to contain one at least of such boats as might easily be constructed for that express purpose. As the Malays not only use spears but bows and arrows, a wooden breastwork, made to ship and unship, would be found useful; and again, as their vessels are highly combustible, a fireball or two might spare much trouble, and some blood. We have known a Malay pirate, after murdering the entire of an English merchant crew, chased on shore by some men-of-war boats, and ensconce himself so snugly in a position accessible only over the stern, as to cause the loss of several valuable lives, till after an hour and a half's combat, the happy idea of burning them out of their hives suggested itself to some one, which rapidly and successfully put an end to the battle.

But if a small force by sea would only be requisite, the military part of such an expedition must evidently be conducted on a larger scale. A handful of British troops, supported by well-drilled battalions of natives, may be sufficient to protect the older settlements, where habits of industry prevail, and the beneficence of English rule has been long acknowledged; but among a people so fierce, perfidious, and utterly barbarous as the Malays, an imposing force would be absolutely necessary; and though it would be easy to raise African, Cingalese, or Hindoo regiments for this particular service, yet a considerable portion (say one-third) of the troops in garrison at the head settlement should most certainly consist of British-born subjects. The rest might be distributed in a line of forts kept in constant communication by means of a fleet of small cruizers, which would be equally necessary to the protection and the prosperity of the infant colonies.

It has been shown that the Dutch, previous to their unprincipled quarrel with England during the American struggle, derived a splendid revenue from their eastern colonies. It is not to be doubted, therefore, that a system of colonization such as is here proposed would eventually more than pay its expenses. To assert as much is to take a very modest view of the subject. Forts would be built, but the soldiers would be the principal artificers; the country would afford materials for *that* purpose; for the *building* of the requisite Marine; for the *subsistence*, and perhaps even the *clothing* of the troops; a very superior description of charcoal, and every other requisite for the manufacture of gunpowder, would be found on the spot: so that, after the expense of the first outfitting, what remained would be trifling beyond the pay of the men and officers.

We are aware it may be objected that, "As the advantages expected from colonizing these islands are principally commercial, the initiatory trial ought to be made by commercial men; that the acuteness of such men, improved by experience, and sharpened by an ever-wakeful attention to their own interest, would already have suggested such a plan, if it were at all feasible; and that Government should never take the lead in matters of that sort, but content itself with interfering when such interference is demanded and has become necessary." This may be good as a general rule, but in this particular instance it is manifestly inapplicable. Until very lately the East India Company had the exclusive rule in all that pertained to English commerce in these seas; and it is well known that, for prudential reasons, the Company have not only not encouraged, but have resolutely proscribed, anything approaching to colonization, not only on the Indian continent but in all other places under their immediate jurisdiction. The occupation of Balambangar seems to have been decided on merely for the advantage of a depôt; no attempt was made to allure mercantile adventurers to resort there, either for trade or settlement; and as the spot was found to be unhealthy (the sickness probably increased by the forlorn situation of a handful of men insulated among savages) the place was abandoned in 1775. The flourishing state of Penang is, however, an existing proof of what might be expected from a settlement formed upon a more liberal basis.

But however great the temptations, no individual merchant could think of settling in any of these islands without military protection. Great precautions are necessary, and much risk is incurred even in the rude trade which is at present carried on, insomuch that the rate of insurance is so heavy that only the most venturesome will engage in it. No inference can, therefore, be drawn from the absence of all attempts to colonize in former times. But the Dutch made the experiment three hundred years ago, which was attended with the most brilliant success; and though their prosperity suffered an eclipse from external causes, it is probably at this moment reviving in all its splendour. Is there then so little enterprise in the English character that we dare not even make the attempt to follow their example, possessed as we are of means and resources so infinitely superior?

Should the attempt be made, all monopolies must be prohibited; and the protection of his Majesty's Government must in no case be exchanged for the domination of any company (be they merchants or agriculturists), however respectable. The land in Borneo, Sumatra, and most of the islands, is held of the existing sovereign, who is considered as the actual proprietor. In the hands of a company this would most probably become the source of a grievous tyranny, and destructive of every national benefit. The excess to which the Dutch Company carried their monopolies, agricultural as well as commercial, has rendered their names an abomination over all these seas. They compelled the Javanese to root up their coffee plantations, their cloves and nutmegs, restraining the cultivation of these valuable plants to their own grounds, and in like manner contrived to secure a monopoly of some of the most valuable productions, and, among other things, of salt, to the great distress, and in many instances to the utter extermination, of their miserable subjects. In times when Governments were poor, and incapable of any strenuous and permanent attention to distant objects, it was the most obvious policy to encourage private adventurers, who, without any risk to the Government, opened new sources of national wealth. But the exclusive privileges necessarily claimed by these corporate bodies became the source of much future mischief, and are evidently at variance with the maxims and feelings of the present day.

A great part of the land in all these islands is totally unoccupied; far the greatest portion of the rest, and most of the interior, is wholly neglected by the miserable savages, whose utmost industry proceeds no farther than the planting of rice, paddy, and perhaps a few esculent plants, near their own wretched huts; besides, as we have before remarked, the land belongs exclusively to the Sultan, and, where they have found it to their advantage, is usurped by those robber chieftains who affect to be his deputies! so that an officer commissioned by the English Government would find it a matter of the utmost facility to procure a grant of lands wherever he might judge it expedient to form a settlement. The territory of Banjor Masin was accepted in 1810, at the express invitation of the Sultan of Borneo. As to field labourers, the Chinese abound everywhere, and may be hired at a reasonable price; besides whom, the neighbouring people and natives, in many instances, would be happy to seek refuge under English protection. Sir Stamford Raffles, instances several of the Bornese tribes as remarkable for docility and a quiet submissive disposition; he states it as his opinion, that they need only protection for their persons and such property as they might acquire, to become an industrious, thriving people.

In closing the subject, it may not, perhaps, be considered irrelevant to sum up in a few words some of the principal productions for which these islands are famous; a part of these are spontaneously yielded by a soil as rich in internal wealth as in external, and are capable of being brought to the highest perfection by proper cultivation. Among the minerals are gold and diamonds, copper and tin: rich spices also, of all descriptions, with coffee, cotton, indigo, sago, and the catzoah, lately become so valuable. Add to these the celebrated bird's nest and bick de mer—no contemptible article of traffic in the Chinese market; opium and musk, from a tree called the rasé; the bezoar (calculus); every species of fruit and timber which the torrid zone claims as its own peculiar growth, together with many trees not found elsewhere,—such as the Aven, from whence they take their sugar; the soap-tree, and others. Dr. Horsfield has summed up more than 1000 plants and herbs indigenous to these islands; sixty of which he styles medicinal. The vine, it is conceived, might be made to prosper, as the climate in the upper regions is even found favourable to English wheat.

Now, when we consider that a country so rich and beautiful, containing within itself a variety of climates, many of which are admirably suited to a European constitution, and whose superficial extent is more than equal to ten such islands as Britain, is thinly inhabited by a few straggling savages, some of whom are actual cannibals in the interior, whilst a variety of magnificent harbours are the residence of a set of miscreants, whose very name is connected with every murderous atrocity that ever was ascribed to robbers and pirates;—reflecting, we say, who these Malays are, and what actual right they possess even to the property of the soil which, in most cases, they usurp, let us ask ourselves a few questions.

First, are not such wretches out of the protection of the law of nations, and could we be offended if some other nation should choose to be beforehand with us in chastising their insolence, and occupying their rich territory? And again, would not the beneficent rule of England be eventually a blessing rather than an injury to the well-disposed inhabitants? Has it not proved so in continental India? And if the question be one of expedience—if it be doubted whether an eastern colony of this description would be likely to prosper,—have we not the example of our own West India Islands—of the Spaniards in Manilla—of the Dutch in Java? Can it be doubted that merchants would prefer buying the various articles of trade without risk of their countrymen, rather than seek them, with much personal danger and with great expense, from a Malay, at a price enormously enhanced by the rapacious hands through which the property has passed? And can it be doubted that individuals would be wanting inclined to accept lands in so rich a territory, on such terms as Government might think just and necessary? One additional reason why Englishmen have not been found so generally willing to naturalize in these regions, may be found in the description of persons who are the principal English residents. They are almost universally gentlemen, civil or military, tied by only a temporary interest to the country, and eager to return to the polished society of Europe, and resume their proper station. But the case has been far different where men of an humble grade at home, but possessed of a small capital, and industry and energy to improve it, have acquired opulence. These have become men of consequence in their actual abode, and seldom betray a wish to give up the luxuries they have hardly acquired, in the vain hope of assuming a station in that sort of society at home, for which their former lives, however useful to themselves and their country, have totally unfitted them.

But the honour of England, as well as her interest, is materially concerned in extirpating the hordes of pirates who have so long infested these seas, slaughtered our countrymen, and plundered their property whenever an opportunity offered; insulted the sacred Flag of Britain; and, except where the valour of our countrymen have repulsed their attacks, have universally escaped with entire impunity. Every packet brings the report of some fresh atrocity;—crews slaughtered, ships run away with; boats' crews attacked and insulted;—to demand redress of their nominal Sultans is useless; they cannot, even if they *would*, accord it. Such a state of things loudly calls for the effective interposition of the English Government. Without invidiously alluding to the Indian Government, which has probably enough on its hands, many reasons might be given why in this case, her Majesty's forces and the national Government would be preferable. Raffles, Marsden, and many other officers of experience, have suggested the policy of erecting a line of forts, and establishing a suitable Marine on the north-east coast of Borneo. This would be a centrical spot for trade, looking either to China and Eastern Asia, Europe, India, or the Islands themselves, including Australasia, and would be a *point d'appui* from whence we could with more facility root out the pirates, destroy their settlements, and compel them to resort to orderly and industrious habits. The most sacred rights of humanity—religion itself—combines with the strongest motives of "national policy in pursuit of national interests," to suggest such an attempt. We are now in profound peace, and have full leisure to attend to its execution: and nothing but the most unpardonable apathy can prevent its final success.

* The manufactures here alluded to were not only the necessary clothing for the troops, but gunpowder, saddles, horse-trappings, &c.

RICH AND POOR.

We copy the following beautiful poem from one of the Annuals—it is from the admirable pen of *Mary Howitt*.

Go, child, and take them meat and drink,
And see that they be fed;
Alas, it is a cruel thing,
To lack of daily bread!

Then, come, that I may speak to thee
Of things severely true;
Love thou the poor, for Jesus Christ,
He was a poor man, too!

They told me when I was a child,
I was of English birth;
They called a free-born Englishman
The noblest man on earth.

They bade me say my lisping prayers
Duly both night and morn;
And bless the Father of the world
That I was English born.

* * * *

I've thus been taught: I saw a man,
An old man, bent and hoar,
And he broke flints upon the road
With labour long and sore.

The day it was a day in June;
The nightingales sang loud,
And with their load of snowy bloom
The hawthorn trees were bowed.

The very highway side was bright
With flowers; the branches made
Of teaderest green, above my head,
A pleasant summer shade.

The earth, the air, the sunlit sky,
Of gladness they were full;
My heart rejoiced: when there I heard
Laborious sounds and dull.

They were the old man's hammer strokes
That fell upon the stone,
Stroke after stroke, with bootless aim;
Yet kept he striving on.

I watched him: coach and chariot bright
Rolled past him in their speed;
Horsemen and peasants to the town;
And yet he took no heed.

Stroke after stroke, the hammer fell
Upon the selfsame stone;
A child had been as strong as he,
Yet he kept toiling on.

Before him lay a little heap
Of flints he had to break;
It wearied me but to conceive
What labour they would take.

I watched him still; and still he toiled
Upon the selfsame stone;
Nor ever raised his head to me,
But still kept working on.

'My friend,' said I, 'your task is hard,
And bootless seems your labour;
The strokes you give go here and there;
A waste of power, good neighbour!'

Upon his tool he propped himself,
And turned on me his eye,
Yet did not raise, the while, his head,
Then slowly made reply.

* * * *

'I have been palsied, agued, racked
With pains enough to kill;
I cannot raise my head, and yet
I must keep working still.'

Then, slowly lifting up his tool,
The minute-strokes went on;
I left him as I found him first,
At work upon that stone.

The nightinga'es sang loudly forth;
Joy through all nature ran;
But my very soul was sick to think
On this poor Englishman.

Again: it was the young spring-tide,
When natural hearts o'erflow
With love, to feel the genial air,
To see the wild flowers blow.

And near a mighty town I walked
In meadows green and fair;
And as I sauntered slowly on,
A little child came there.

A child she was of ten years old,
Yet with no mirth of mien;
With sunken eye and thin pale face,
And body dry and lean.

Yet walked she on among the flowers,
For all her pallid hue:
And gathered them with eager hands,
As merry children do.

Poor child! the tears were in mine eyes,
Her thin, small hands to see,
Grasping the healthy flowers that looked
More full of life than she.

'You take delight in flowers,' I said,
And looked into her face;
'No wonder, they are beautiful;
Dwell you a-near this place?'

'No,' said the child, 'within the town
I live, but here I run,
Just for a flower at dinner-time;
And just to feel the sun.

For, oh, the factory is so hot,
And so doth daze my brain;
I just run here to breathe the air,
And then run back again.

And now the fields are fresh and green,
I could not help but stay,
To get for Tommy's garden-plot
These pretty flowers to-day.'

'And Tommy, who is he?' I asked.
'My brother,' she replied;
The factory wheels they broke his arms,
And sorely hurt his side.

He'll be a cripple all his days,
For him those flowers I got;
He has a garden in the yard,
The neighbours harm it not;
The drunken blacksmith strides across
Poor Tommy's garden-plot.'

As thus we talked, we neared the town,
When, like a heavy knell,
Was heard, amid the jarring sounds,
A distant factory-bell.

The child she made a sudden pause,
Like one who could not move;
Then threw poor Tommy's flowers away,
For fear had mastered love.

And with unnatural speed she ran
Down alleys dense and warm;
A frightened, toiling thing of care,
Into the toiling swarm;

Her scattered flowers lay in the street
To wither in the sun,
Or to be trod by passing feet;
They were of worth to none;
The factory-bell had cut down joy,
And still kept ringing on!

* * * * *

LATER FROM EUROPE.

By the Burgundie, from Havre.

It was calculated that the army of Don Carlos had lost 3000 men by desertion since his attempt upon Madrid.

Order and tranquillity had been restored at Barcelona, by the firmness of the Baron de Meer.

The celebrated composer and pianist, Hammel, died at Weimar on the 17th of October.

The number of persons attacked by cholera at Berlin, during the two months of its prevalence in that city, was 3093, of whom 1889, were carried off, making an average of 55 cases and 34 deaths per diem.

The latest intelligence from London in the French papers, is to the 1st of November, but the notices are very meagre. There had been an alarm of cholera in London, three persons having died, and, as was supposed of that disease.

It was also reported that the cholera had appeared on board the hospital ship Dreadnought, and that other cases had occurred in various parts of London. The three persons who died of it lived in the vicinity of Limehouse dock, where the disease first approached in 1833.

Sir Robert Peel was at Munich, perfectly restored in health.

The Duchess of Cambridge and her children arrived in London on the 25th.

Mr. O'Connell had written to the National Association of Ireland, stating that he would meet the association at Dublin on the 30th of Oct., to propose a dissolution of that body, its longer existence being rendered unnecessary by the reforms effected in the Government of Ireland, and by the confidence reposed in the Queen and ministry.

The London papers still mention large purchases of the public stock by the Bank of England, and state that the object is to reduce the interest of the three per cents.

The late King's horses were sold, after all said and done, at Hampton, on the 25th. The number of horses sold was 82, and they brought from 35 guineas to 1559 each.

Marshal Saldanha had arrived in London, with his family, from Lisbon.

The London Globe says that the late operations of the Bank of England in purchasing stock &c have produced a redundancy of money in the market, and it is difficult to find safe employment for it at any reasonable rate of interest; money was offered freely at 2 3-4 a 3 per ct, and large sums have been invested at 2 1-2.

"An English paper says that immediately after the dissolution of the Irish Association, Mr O'Connell will be made a privy counsellor."

SPAIN.

Letters were received from Bayonne, stating that Don Carlos, with the greater portion of his army, had finally re-crossed the Ebro, and was marching in the direction of Biscay. Letters from Saragossa however, say that the Don's intention was to march into Catalonia. General Lorenzo reached the Ebro in pursuit of the Carlists, only about six hours after they had effected their passage.

About 5000 of the Carlists reached Estella on the 22nd, commanded by the Infant Don Sebastian.—They were in a wretched state of hunger, fatigue and privation.

"The King of Hanover has determined to abolish the constitution.—The states will be convoked in the form and manner that existed before the adoption of that instrument.

"The King and his ministers rely upon the submission of the electoral colleges, while the friends of the constitution are appealing to their patriotism The eyes of all Germany are fixed upon the issue of this approaching political crisis."

By the Montreal from London.

The packet ship Montreal, Capt. Griffing, arrived this morning from London via Portsmouth. Captain G. sailed from the latter port on the 6th of November, and brings London papers to the 5th, two days later than were received by the Chatham at Boston.

We are grieved at learning that the water broke into the Thames tunnel again, on the morning of November 3rd, and that one of the workmen lost his life. The others, 70 in number, escaped in time.

The leading whig papers in England are now making vigorous war upon the church.

The arrival of the New York packets George Washington and Quebec, at Liverpool and Portsmouth, is announced in the London evening papers of the 3d. Those papers contain extracts from New York journals of the 10th October, at which time the sub-treasury bill had just passed in the senate.

A meeting was held at Birmingham on the 30th of October, at which a petition to the Queen was agreed upon, praying for a charter of incorporation. It will probably be granted, and Birmingham thus become a city.

The secretary of the National Association in Iroland, has at last concluded to pay his tithes, having resisted for many months. At about the same time a farmer came to the same judicious resolution, after being in jail 7 months for resisting payment. It is thought that there will be no more wilful opposition to the collection of tithes, Mr. O'Connell having recommended its discontinuance. By the way, we must not forget to mention that the National Association was dissolved on the 31st, according to order from the great agitator, who seems to have put it out as easily as he got it up.

Royal Present.—The Queen and Duchess of Kent have been presented with sundry pairs of stockings, knit from Shetland wool by the hands of Shetland women; so fine that although each thread consists of three *strans*, a pair of the stockings can be drawn with ease through a lady's finger-ring.—This is considered a very *warm* proof of attachment.

Among the recent deaths announced in England, we observe those of the dowager-viscountess Exmouth, widow of the celebrated vice-admiral, and Lady Catherine Bathurst, sister of the late Earl Bathurst.

THE QUEEN.

London, Saturday evening, Nov. 4. The approaching festival in the city, to celebrate the visit of Her Majesty to the corporation of London, attracts very general attention, not only among the traders but also among the merchants and capitalists. The private bankers having last week decided on refraining from business as far as practicable, a committee from their body obtained an interview with the Directors of the Bank of England, and the result of the conference is, that by far the greater proportion of the banking business of the metropolis, which would, in the ordinary course of things, have been transacted on the 9th, will be disposed of on the preceding day.

Advices were received yesterday from the U. States to the 11th ult., the contents of which give much satisfaction in the city. The reports relative to the progress made in winding up the affairs of the great Anglo American houses, the principals of which have been compelled to suspend payment, are cheering, and trade had become again very active in New York and other principal parts of the Union.

City, 2 o'clock.

In the English market, Consols have been the only stock dealt in, and that to very limited extent. They are at present quoted at 92⅞ to ¾ for Money, and 92¾ to 94 for the Account, Exchequer Bills 51 to 53 premium.

IRELAND.

Dissolution of the Irish Association.—On the 31st of October a meeting of the General Irish Association was dissolved, on motion of Daniel O'Connell, by the adoption of the following resolution, which was carried by acclamation:

"*Resolved*, That, impressed with the most lively gratitude to the Earl of Mulgrave for his firm, manly, humane, and perfectly impartial administration of the Government in Ireland, and reposing unlimited confidence in the sincere and unequivocal disposition of her Majesty's present Ministers to do justice to Ireland by placing her on a footing of equality with England and Scotland: but above all, and before all, filled with most respectful and dutiful gratitude to her Most Gracious Majesty for the enlightened and patriotic policy which has distinguished the commencement of her auspicious reign, we do, under these circumstances, deem it a proof of our confidence in the existing Administration to declare that this Association is dissolved, devolving the carrying out of its purposes into full effect on the Irish popular Members, in aid and support of the Queen's Government."

It is confidently stated that Mr. O'Connell, on the dissolution of the Association next week, is to be created a Privy Councillor.—*London Herald.*

London, Nov. 4.—The intelligence from Ireland is brief, but it is significant; in fact, it is important. It shows that Mr. O'Connell cannot carry things with as high a hand as he anticipated when he issued his summons for the assembling of the Irish members, lords and commons, in Dublin. The following letter from Mr. O'Connell to Lord Cloncurry, perhaps the shortest that ever slided from the Hon. and Learned Gentleman's pen, announces the dead failure of his scheme for checking the election petition fund, prosecuting its originators, and laying down a sort of chart for the navigation of Irish politics in the ensuing session of parliament:

"To Lord Cloncurry.

Merrion-square, 1st Nov. 1837.

"My Lord,—On my arrival here I discover that, under existing circumstances, it is impossible to have so effectual a meeting of the Irish liberal members of both houses of parliament as the all-important crisis of our affairs imperatively requires. Not a few of the Irish peers and commons, whose presence would be most desirable, are already gone to England, and some are actually on the continent. Having communicated these matters to your Lordship, I anticipate the readiness with which you will sanction a postponement of the intended meeting until the 16th of this month, and the change of place to London. The houses of Parliament meet only for formal business on the 15th, with the exception, in the commons, of the election of a speaker, which will take place on the last mentioned day. The session will not actually commence the real business of the nation, until Monday, the 20th. We shall therefore have three days to devote to the making of such arrangements as may appear best suited to obviate the evil and injustice which the Spottiswoode gang of conspirators intend, aided as they are by—to their eternal disgrace—so large a body of the parsons of the Established Church.

"I have the honour to be, my lord, respectfully your faithful servant,

DANIEL O'CONNELL."

CAPTURE OF CONSTANTINE.—OFFICIAL.

Letter from Gen. Vallee to the Minister of War.

Constantine, Oct. 13, 1837.

"Sir,—On the lamented death of General de Damremont, I took upon myself the command of the army; and, in that quality, have the honor of transmiting to you a succinct report of its operations since its arrival before this place, until a detailed report shall make you acquainted with the conduct of each corps, and of such individuals as have most distinguished themselves.—My telegraph despatch informed you that the tri-colored flag was floating over the walls of Constantine, and the preceding despatches of the Governor have made known to you the progress of the army as far as Soumah, where we arrived on the 15th. On that day the army took up a position about two short leagues from Constantine on the banks of the Bou Merzoug. Early on the following day, it gained the heights of Sala Mansourah, and a little later, those of Coudiat Aty, without any serious opposition from the enemy. The Duke de Nemours was charged with the command of the siege; General Trezel, at the head of the two first brigades, with the attack of Sala Mansourah, and General Rulhieres, at the head of the two other brigades, with that of Coudiat Aty. I afterwards, with General Fluery discovered the position at each point for placing the batteries, and the works were immediately commenced; but scarcely had the army established itself, when it was assailed by a most violent tempest of wind and rain. This weather continued almost without cessation until the 10th. It changed the grounds of our bivouacks to pools of mire, into which the horses sunk up to their bellies, and the soldiers were unable to lie down. However, after unremitting exertions, the artillery succeeded in mounting their batteries at Sala Mansourah, and prepared one at Coudiat Aty. The fire against the town opened on the 9th, and continued for a part of the 10th. The enemy's defences were then nearly destroyed, and the breaching battery was able to begin playing on the 11th, at about 400 yards from the walls in front of Coudiat Aty. A breach was effected in the evening, but was not yet practicable.

In the night the pieces were advanced to about 150 yards, and the breach was completed. The enemy offered a lively resistance to us at every point; his batteries continued to fire as long as they could, and with great obstinacy. Foot soldiers kept up also a continued firing with good aim from behind the ramparts, and from the houses. At the same time daily attacks were made upon our two positions of Sala Mansourah and Coudiat Aty. The summons sent into the town the day before yesterday, by the governor-general, not having produced any satisfactory answer from Achmet Bey, who required, before he could enter into any parley, that we should suspend our works, the assault was made this morning with the most determined courage, and the inhabitants were successively dislodged from every quarter of the town, after defending themselves with extreme obstinacy. We have to deplore numerous losses. My despatch will convey to you the exact amounts of killed and wounded, with the names of the officers who are in one or other of these lists. Chef de Battalion, De Serigny, of the 2d light infantry, died in the breach, as well as Capt. Hacket of the engineers. Among the wounded are General Peeregaux, Colonel Combs and Lamoriciere, Chefs de Battalion Dumas, one of the King's aides.de-camp, and Vieux of the Engineers, and Captain Richepanse. Fortunately the wounds of several are but slight. A part of the distinguished inhabitants and the authorities remained in the town. I issued a proclamation inviting them to remain quietly in their dwellings, and requiring them to provide for the subsistence of the army. Achmet has fled. It is reported that he has retired to the desert, where he has family connections. His califf has left him, and has requested to be re admitted into the town. I shall send you immediately the standards taken in the town.

I am, with respect, &c.

(Signed) "COUNT VALLEE."

RETURNS—"*Officers and Soldiers Kil'ed, Wounded, or dead from disease, from Oct. 1st to Oct. 19th.*—Killed—General Damremont, and 37 other officers, Rank and File, 468—*General Total*: killed and dead of disease, 148; wounded, 506; horses killed, 237. (Signed)

"GENERAL PERREGAUX."

"*Principal Objects of Artillery found in Constantine.*—Guns and mortars, 59; gun-carriages, 55; balls and shells, 3500; muskets, pistols, sabres, &c. 1400; powder, 1300lbs.; cartridges 20,000.

(Signed) "GENERAL PERREGAUX."

Whitehall, Oct. 19, 1837.—The Queen haa been pleased to nominate and appoint George W. F. Villiers, Esq., her Majesty's envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to her Catholic Majesty, to be a knight grand cross of the most honourable order of the Bath.

Whitehall, Oct. 30.—The Queen has been pleased to direct letters patent to be passed under the great seal, granting the dignity of a baronet of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, unto James Clark, of George-St., in the parish of St. George, Hanover-square, in the county of Middlesex, Esq., doctor of medicine, and first physician in ordinary to her Majesty, and to the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten.

Whitehall, Oct. 30.—The Queen has been pleased to grant unto Commander James Wilkinson, of the royal navy, her royal licence that he may accept the insignia of a knight commander of the royal Portuguese military order of the Tower and Sword.

War Office, Oct. 27.—2d Regt. of Drag. Gds.: Lieut.-Col. Benj. Harding, from the h. p. unatt. to be lieut.-col. v. Brevet Col. J. Hay, who exchs.; Maj. Chas. Kearney, to lieut.-col. by pur. v. Harding, who rets.; Capt. F. C Griffiths, to be maj. by pur. v. Kearney; Lieut. R. D. Dunn to be capt. by pur. v. Griffiths; Lieut. W. Persse, from the 4th regt. of ft. to be lieut. by pur. v. Dunn.—3d Regt. of Drag. Gds.: Cor. E. Dyson, to lieut. by pur. v. Bomford, who rets.; Ed. D. Freeman, Gent. to be cor. by pur v. Dyson.—17th Regt. of Ft.: Lieut W. Hackett to be capt. by pur. v. Church, who rets.; Ens. O P Bourke, to be Lieut. by pur. v. Hackett; Gent. Cad. E Croker, from the Rl. Mil. College, to be ens. by pur. v. Bourke.—20th Ft.: Capt. B. W. Nicholson, from the h. p. of the 30th regt. of ft. to be capt. v. Brev.-Maj. G. Bolton, who exchs.—22d Ft: Lieut. A. Campbell to be capt. by pur. v. Hawkins, who rets.; Ens. H. Y. Parker to be lieut. by pur. v. Campbell; E. Dunbar, Gent. to be ens. by pur. v. Parker.—60th Ft.. Lieut. M. E. Haworth to be capt. by pur. v. Johnson, who rets; Sec. Lieut. W. G. Rose, to be first lieut. by pur. v. Haworth: G. A. Hicks, Gent. to be sec. lieut by pur. v. Rose.—61st Ft.: Capt. J B. Thomas, from the Ceylon rifle regt. to be capt. v. Parke, who exchs.—72d Ft.: Lieut. R. I. Ackland, from the h. p. of the 79th Regt. of ft. to be lieut. v. Adair, prom.; Ens. T. F. Simmons, to be lieut. by pur. v. Ackland, who rets.; J. Armstrong, Gent. to be ens. by pur. v. Simmons.—Ceylon Rifle Regt.: Capt. G. T. Parke, from the 61st regt. of ft. to be capt. v. Thomas, who exchs.; Lieut. C. H. Roddy to be capt. by pur. v. Powell, who rets.. Sec. Lieut. W. J. Kirk, to be first lieut. by pur. v. Roddy; J. B. Stevelly, Gent. to be sec. lieut. by pur. v. Kirk.—Brev.: Capt. C. J. Fitzgerald, of the 76th ft. to be maj. in the army.

Office of Ordnance, Oct. 27.: Corps of Royal Engineers.: First Lieut. Thos. Drummond, to be sec. capt.; First Lieut. R. K. Dawson, to be ditto; First Lieut. H. Pooley, to be ditto, vice Briscoe, dec.; Sec. Lieut. T. Webb to be first lieut. v. Pooley.—Royal Regt. of Artil.: Sec. Capt. F. A. Griffiths, to be adj. v. Willis prom.

War-office Nov. 3, 1837.—Her Majesty has been pleased to appoint his Royal Highness Prince George of Cambridge, K. G., to be colonel in the army by brevet.

War-Office Nov. 3.—6th Regt. of Drag. Gds.: Lt. A. Stewart, from the 92d Regt. of Ft. to be Lt. v. Freeling, who exchs.—12th Regt. of Ft.: Lt. W. Woods, from the h. p. of the 15th Regt. of Ft. to be Lt. v. Ouvry, app. to the 68th Regt. of Ft.—18th Ft.: Lt. W. Semple, from the 86th Regt. of Ft. to be Lt. v. Franklin, who exchs.—20th Ft.: Lt. F. M. Fraser to be Capt. by pur. v. Nicholson, who rets.; Ens. B. Newman to be Lt. by pur. v. Fraser; R. L. Lye, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v. Newman.—24th Ft.: Lt. H. Young to be Capt. by pur. v. J. B. Harris, who rets; Ens. C. Bernard to be Lt. by pur. v. Young; Ens. T. Spring, from the 2d W. I. Regt. to be Ens. v. Bernard.—25th Ft.: Lt. J. A. Guille to be Capt. by pur. v. Slacke, who rets: Ens. E. B. Frith to be Lt. by pur v. Guille; W. Peel, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v. Frith.—28th Ft.: Lt. D. M'Phee from the h. p. of 79th Regt. of Ft. to be Lt. v. E. Mackay, who exchs.—34th Ft.: Lt. O. Markham to be Capt. by pur. v. Conolly, who rets.; Ens. J. Simpspn to be Lt. by pur. v. Markham; W. B. Money, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Simpson.—38th Ft.: Capt. G. Beamish, from the h.p. of the 35th Ft. to be Capt. v. A. Campbell, (2d), who exchs. rec. the diff.—59th Ft.. Staff-Asst.-Surg. F. Roberts to be Asst. Surg. v. Kemlo, prom. in the 70th Ft.—63d Ft.: Capt. D'Arcey Wentworth to be Maj. by pur. v. Briggs, who rets.; Lt. J. H. Fearon to be Capt. by pur. v. Wentworth; Ens. C. Hopton, to be Lt. by pur. v. Fearon; W. Kenny, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Hopton.—64th Ft.: Ens. E. J. Coxe to be Lt. by pur. v. Kirkwood, who rets; M. E. Smith, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Coxe.—65th Ft.: Staff Asst. Surg. J. E. Nicoll to be Asst. Surg. v. Lorimer, prom. in the 1st W. I. Regt.—68th Ft.: Lt. H. A. Ouvry, from the 12th Ft. to be Lt. v. G. W. Denys, who rets upon h. p. of the 15th Ft.—69th Ft.: Quart. Serj. J. Hollis, to be Quartermaster, v. S. Wallis, who rets. upon h.p.—70th Ft.: Asst. Surg. W. Kemlo, M.D, from the 59th Ft. to be Surg. v. Foster, appointed to the 73d Regiment of Ft.—73d Ft. Surgeon John Foster, M.D., from the 70th Regiment of Ft. to be Surgeon, vice Martin, deceased.—81st Ft.: Lieut. E. H. Sorell, to be Adj. v. Hewart, who res. the Adjcy. only.—86th Ft.: Lieut. H C. Cobbe, to be Capt. by pur. v. Mayne, who rets.; Ens. C. W. Gore, to be Lieut. by pur. v. Cobbe; Lieut. M. G. Franklin, from the 18th Regt. of Ft. to be Lieut. v. Semple, who excs.; W. B Prendergast, gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Gore.—88th Ft.: Lieut. H. Bristow, from the h.p. of the 38th Regt. of Ft. to be Lieut. v. G. Acklom, who excs.—89th Ft.: Sur. H. Orr, from the 1st West India Regt. to be sur. v. Barry, dec.—92d Ft.: Lieut. F. R. Freeling, from the 6th Drag. Gds. to be Lieut. v. A. Stewart who excs.—1st West India Regt.: Assist.-Sur. W. Lorimer, from the 65th Regt. of Ft. to be Sur. v. Orr, app. to the 89 Regt. of Ft.—2d West I. Regt.: J. D. Mends, gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Spring, app. to the 24th Reg. of Ft.—Rl. African Colonial Corps.: Ens. J. A. Butcher, to be Lieut. without pur, v. Kirk dec; W H Graham, gent. to be Ens. v. Butcher.—Hospital Staff.: R. Atthill, M.D. to be Assist. Sur. to the forces, v. Roberts app. to the 59th Regt of Ft.

Foreign-Office, Nov. 3.—The Queen has been graciously pleased to approve of the Chevalier Don Jose Maria Barréro as Consul-General in the United Kingdom for her Catholic Majesty.

UPPER CANADA, DEFEAT OF THE REBELS.

We hasten to communicate the important intelligence from Upper Canada, received by the Northern mail of this morning. It will be seen that the insurgents have been defeated, and that Sir Francis Head has issued a proclamation offering a reward of FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS for the apprehension of William Lyon McKenzie, who, it appears, was at the head of the insurgents.

From the Daily Buffalo Journal.—Extra.

7 P M.—Friday.

We have been favoured with a copy of a letter, of the date of Dec. 7, from Toronto, which states that at the time of writing the letter, (about noon,) the government forces were engaged with the patriots, about two miles from the city of Toronto, from which place they had been driven.

The express who brought the letter farther states, that he came out of the city with the troops, and that before he passed them, three rounds had been fired upon the rebels.

Another letter from Toronto states that there were then in Toronto, in the opinion of the writer, at least twenty royalists to one patriot.

From all information that we have gleaned, we consider this movement of the reformers, not only ill-timed, but also extremely ill-managed.

Mr. McKenzie, we now learn, commanded the reformers in person.

We have also before us a proclamation by Sir F. B. Head, which is full of royal expressions and praise of the bravery, &c., of the royalist volunteers.

He also offers a reward of "£1000 to any one who will apprehend, and deliver up to justice William Lyon Mackenzie; and £500 to any one who will apprehend, and deliver up to justice, David Gibson—or Samuel Lount—or Jesse Lloyd—or Silas Fletcher—and the same reward and a free pardon will be given to any of their accomplices, who will render this public service, except he or they shall have committed, in his own person, the crime of murder or arson."

What the effect of this repulse will be, it is difficult to conjecture. Our opinion is, however, that it will retard, but not entirely prevent, the revolutionary movements of the disaffected.

LATER FROM CANADA.

Daily Commercial Advertiser, Extra
Buffalo, Saturday, Nov. 9

The following communication was handed in this afternoon. It will be seen to be pretty highly colored by the writer's loyal notions, but its statement of facts can probably be relied upon, and, as it gives a more full and particular account of the recent events at Toronto than has yet appeared, we are induced to make it public.

Buffalo, Saturday, 4 P. M.

To the Editors of the Daily Com. Adv.

Gentlemen—Having arrived here last evening, from Toronto, (which place I left yesterday morning,) and being surprised at the statement here, I take the liberty of giving you the facts, as I am acquainted with everything that has taken place there within the last few days.

The first symptoms of disturbance at Toronto occurred on Monday evening, when it was discovered by the burning of Dr. Thom's house, and by several who had been taken prisoners and escaped, that the rebels, to a considerable number, armed with rifles, spears, &c. and headed by McKenzie, had advanced to within two miles and a half of the city, proposing, as they have since declared, to take the city, rob the banks, and set it on fire.

But the citizens, by this time being alarmed, armed themselves as they best could, and advanced to meet them, upon which the rebels retreated upon Yonge street, as far as Montgomery's, about five miles out, and there made their headquarters. It must be understood that Toronto was at this time in a defenceless condition—the whole of the troops having left some time ago for Lower Canada; but no time was lost, and never was a more animated scene than Toronto presented. From all parts of the city the loyal, (both reformers and tories,) were collecting together, to receive arms and to concert measures for the defence of their children and their sacred homes against an infuriated and vicious rabble, led on by a bad, designing and disappointed man.

Orders were immediately issued by proclamation from the Adjutant General's office, for the militia to assemble for the defence of their "Queen, country and constitution," and nobly was the call responded to. Old and young flocked to the standard of their country, by hundreds.—Steamboats were sent off to Hamilton and Niagara for militia and volunteers—the Hon. Speaker McNab, afterwards the commander, left Hamilton at the head of about 200 volunteers, on board the steamboat Burlington, on Wednesday morning, and Col. Chisholm, with as many militia, a few hours after in a schooner.

Messrs. Hamilton, Clarke, Gilkenson, and Capt. Whitney, as a deputation from the governor, arrived at Niagara at 7 o'clock on Wednesday morning and left again at 12, with 95 volunteers, under the command of Sheriff Hamilton, accompanied by Daniel McDougal, Esq. late of the line. They arrived almost at the same time with the men of Gore, amid the cheers of the assembled thousands from the wharves. They marched up in front of the City Hall, were reviewed, and marched to the Parliament buildings, where they received their arms and accoutrements, and ten rounds of ammunition each.

Companies of men from Oakville, Whitby, Scarborough, and other neighbouring towns, were continually arriving, and on Thursday morning, upward of four thousand stand of arms had been given out. The troops intended to go in search of the rebels, and, consisting of about two thousand men, having all been marshalled, and reviewed by the governor, were led out, about ten o'clock, by him in person, up Yonge street, where, it was said, the rebels, in force, were waiting for us, and with whom we came up, at about 12 o'clock, at Montgomery's tavern, their head quarters.

They there appeared to be in considerable numbers, amounting to between five and seven hundred men; but from their ill chosen position, it was soon evident they could not make any effectual resistance; and upon several shots being fired upon them from two small brass field pieces, they left the house and the road—a part of them taking up a position in the woods on our left, the others retreating back and to our right.

Our first company, consisting of old soldiers, were immediately sent to dislodge the enemy from the wood, which they did, in gallant style, in about fifteen minutes, killing about thirty, and wounding and taking prisoners a proportionable number. We followed them about two miles—but Mackenzie and a greater number of his party got off by scattering and taking to the woods; and from our want of a sufficient number of cavalry, it was thought useless to follow them, they being completely, and, for the peace of society, it is to be hoped, effectually routed. We were ordered back to the city, where we arrived about 5 o'clock, amidst the warm congratulations and joyful acclamation of the population, who considered themselves now free from any farther molestation from Mr. Mackenzie, and his murderous and lawless gang.

The Niagara volunteers, (of which I was one,) having left home, many of them without an hour's warning, and quite unprovided in purse as otherwise, and alarmed for the safety of their own home, (for among other reports, it was said two hundred men, were coming from Buffalo to take the place,) desired and obtained leave from his Excellency to return, which they did, per Transit, of yesterday morning, greeted by their friends and several hundred of the militia, who were preparing to leave with the S. B. Britannia, to join them

I need only farther add, that this movement made by McKenzie, in the present situation of the province, is considered by all parties as a mad attempt, and that McKenzie must have been, to a certain extent, deranged, or with his acknowledged shrewdness he could not but have foreseen the fatal termination of his foolish attempts to overturn the government, as it is supported by the greater number, and possessed of most effectual means to put down sedition in any part of the province.

Long have McKenzie and a few such men as are to be found in any community, agitated and disturbed the country, and complained of grievances which nobody ever saw or felt, and even enlisted the general sympathy of the people of the United States, by praising their government, and the excellency of their institutions, (which nobody will deny,) holding our government up to scorn as oppressive, and raising the cry of Liberty! Liberty! But I trust his deeds for the last few days will withdraw the veil that has blinded people's eyes, and discover him in his proper colours.

What more liberty do we want in Canada as a British province? But if we want more, heaven preserve us from such liberty as we should gain by cold blooded murder—(Col. Moodie was murdered last Monday, in cold blood, because he refused, it is said, to lead on the insurgents)—or by burning our houses, robbing the mail and individuals, and such other like actions as McKenzie and his party have been guilty of.

P. S. Every thing was quiet when I felt Toronto, except the bustle caused by the continued arrival of militia and volunteers, who were hailed with pleasure, not that they were expected to be needed, but because of the loyalty and attachment to the government, their ready offer of assistance evinced.

I remain, gentlemen, your obedient servant, ANGUS M'LEOD.

STILL LATER.—5, P. M.

The cars have just arrived. There is nothing farther from Toronto. People are in arms on both sides of the river. The ferry boats are either entirely stopped, or all passengers strictly examined.

MEETING AT BUFFALO.

A Public Meeting was held at Buffalo on the 5th inst. to express sympathy for the cause of "liberty" in Canada, when the following Resolutions, among others, were passed:—

3. "Resolved that in our opinion there has been exhibited to the world, within the last few years, abundant evidence that the system of colonial government which has existed in the provinces of *Upper* and *Lower Canada*, has entirely failed to secure to the people of those provinces those personal rights which are unalienable to all mankind, and to give that security for life and property, which they have a right to demand; and that while Great Britain has still claimed dominion over these provinces, she has permitted them to relapse into a state of political degradation that will, in the eyes of the nations of the earth, justify the people in arising in the majesty of their own strength, and establishing such forms of government for themselves as will secure those great objects for which governments are alone instituted."

4. "Resolved, that we sincerely regret the short sighted policy of the Colonial Government should have so far forgotten itself as to commence hostilities against men who simply ask what they inherit as their birthright, and is guaranteed by the "MAGNA CHARTA," to the people of England and their colonies. That from the opinions, sentiments, and wishes of the people of the Colonies, repeatedly urged by their representatives through the House of Assembly, and sought for hitherto by innumerable petitions to the Imperial Parliament, that they seek, and ask for nothing more than what our forefathers bequeathed to us, and insisted upon as their own."

5. "Resolved, That the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada had a right to look to the Commons of England, for that glorious diadem and brilliant constellation in the political heavens, entitled their RIGHTS, LIBERTIES, FRANCHISES and PRIVILEGES; and in the maintainance of this principle, to seek such redress as would enable them to disenthral themselves from a prinvisaged Executive Council; and that by a denial in one instance, and an observed silence in another, the English Government have acted contrary to the impartial administration of justice, and in direct opposition to the fundamental principles of LIBERTY."

6. "Resolved, That the control exercised by a guardian over the ward, is only tolerable in his minority, and instead of bringing forth the energies of the man, are only calculated to sustain the weaknesses of youth, so while a system of Colonial Government may be the necessary provision of succor to communities of early settlers, and protect them from aggression, rather than the means of bringing forth the resources of a nation, it is therefore no longer endurable by a people when they have acquired within themselves the necessary physical and political strength to put in force and operation a just and efficient system of government, based upon the immutable principle of national freedom and liberty, and that we believe there now exists with the people of the Canadas such physical and polical strength, whenever their watchword ceases to be their grievances, and becomes the assertion of their rights.

7. "Resolved, That we disclaim the charges of exciting Sedition, of forwarding a civil war, or of participating in alienating the affections of the Canadians from Great Britain, but that being fully persuaded of their great grievances and privations, we deem it lawful and commendable that when civil war is kindled, when the bonds of political society are broken, and are considered as two distinct powers, to sympathize with that party whose cause we deem just, and it is only what justice and generosity require in the behalf of men fighting in the defence of their liberties, to earnestly beseech the GOD OF BATTLES to afford them such succor as they shall stand in need of in the day of their trouble."

8. "Resolved, That although it is a well settled principle of international law, and recognised as such by the law of nations, that it is right, just, and laudable to assist in every way a Colony making a just war with the Mother country (whose acts are those of injustice) and serve only to keep man in a state of servitude; and that the principle is made so broad that it is the bounden duty of every nation to render such aid *who can give it without being wanting itself*, as was done where the people of England complained against James the Second and sought the assistance of the house of Orange; and also of the German Protestants, assisting the French Reformers against France; and of France more latterly succoring the Netherlands against Spain, still that it is not the wish to see this doctrine enforced, but on the contrary to earnestly recommend the President of the United States to act as Mediator, between the Province and the English Government, as was done by England during our late disturbance with France."

9. "Resolved, That inasmuch, as it is the true policy of our Government to cherish a spirit of peace with *all* nations, and above all else to keep ourselves free from those political connexions which have a tendency to draw *us* into the whirlpool of foreign contest; be it also the correct doctrine to scrupulously observe impartial neutrality; and at the onset to repel the landing of any troops that may have the Canadas in view, and that although the President of the United States may have the power vested in him still it is earnestly hoped that he will look upon it as an *unjust war* on the part of England, and that the truth of it carries along with it, no manner of right to make our own peaceful shores one scene of rude commotion, warfare and carnage, but that our own tranquillity and common safety requires that we should be mistress of our own territories, and at liberty to deny the right of passage to any European power."

OBLIGATIONS OF NEUTRALITY—UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

From the Albany Argus

We received yesterday from N. S. Benton, Esq U. S. District Attorney for this judicial district, a letter stating that he had received from the Secretary of State of the United States, a communication, of which the following is an extract:

"It is the fixed determination of the President faithfully to discharge, so far as his power extends, all the obligations of this government; and that obligation especially, which requires that we shall abstain, under every temptation, from intermeddling with the domestic disputes of other nations. You are therefore earnestly enjoined to be attentive to all movements of a hostile character, contemplated or attempted, within your district, and to prosecute, without discrimination, all violators of those laws of the United States which have been enacted to preserve peace with foreign powers, and to fulfil the obligations of our treaties with them."

The receipt of this communication induced the district attorney to transmit to us for publication sundry papers which he had previously prepared for that purpose from which we selected the following:

"It is deemed not inappropriate at this time to give general publicity to some of the provisions of an act of Congress, passed April 20, 1818. Any infraction of the provisions of this act is an indictable offence."

"The second section of this act provides, that if any person shall, within the territory or jurisdiction of the United States, enlist or enter himself, or hire or retain another person to enlist or enter himself, or to go beyond the limits or jurisdiction of the United States, with intent to be enlisted or entered in the service of any foreign power, state, colony, district or people, as a soldier, or as a marine or seaman, &c. every person so offending shall be deemed guilty of a high misdemeanor, and shall be fined not exceeding one thousand dollars, and be imprisoned not exceeding three years. This section does not, however, extend to any foreigner transiently within the United States, who may enter on board any armed vessel arriving armed, if the United States are at peace with the country to which such vessel belongs.

"The sixth section provides, that if any person shall, within the territory and jurisdiction of the United States, begin, or set on foot, or provide, or prepare the means for, any military expedition or enterprise, to be carried on from thence against the territory or dominions of any foreign prince or state, or of any colony, district or people, with whom the United States are at peace, every person so offending shall be deemed guilty of a high misdemeanor, and shall be fined not exceeding three thousand dollars, and imprisoned not exceeding three years."

Married, on the 14th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Hawkes, Robert Stewart Buchanan. Esq., one of her Britannic Majesty's Vice Consuls, and son of the British Consul for this city, to Elizabeth Curson, daughter of Wm. H. Jephson, Esq.

Exchange at New York on London, 60 days, 10¼ a 11 per cent. prem.

THE ALBION.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1837.

By the *Montreal*, from London, we have papers to the 4th ult.

The political news by this vessel is not of an important character; but preparations the most active, are every where making, for the approaching Parliamentary campaign. In this session the fate of the Melbourne Ministry will probably be decided. Should it fall, a coalition or conservative one must immediately follow, and Mr. O'Connell will lose the extraordinary degree of government influence and patronage he has for the last two or three years possessed. Sensible of this, and fearing the result of the first meeting of Parliament, in consequence of the meagre majority in the Commons—the agitator is bestirring himself with considerable zeal and alacrity. He declares that Ireland is perfectly tranquil, loyal, and attached to England—that she requires nothing more than to be placed upon the same footing as England and Scotland, and when that is done discord will cease from Cape Clear to Cape Malin. The tranquillity and loyalty already secured, or pretended to be secured, he attributes to the liberal policy of the present Cabinet, and the impartial administration of Lord Mulgrave; and in order to give greater effect to the declaration, he has induced the National Association at Dublin to dissolve itself, and to assert that its exertions are no longer needful, as the government of England is at last disposed "to do justice to Ireland." This is the argument used, and used skilfully too by the arch agitator; but the conservative journals fail not to expose its fallacy, and in fact its utter untruth. Ireland is not tranquil, they say, and then forthwith proceed to give lists of riots, burnings, &c. &c. with proclamations for the apprehension of various delinquents, which sufficiently show that Paddy is the boy for a bit of a row yet. The impartiality of Lord Mulgrave is utterly denied, and he is charged with the grossest partiality towards Mr. O'Connell's party, and cruelty and injustice to the Protestants. When Mr. O'Connell points to the long list of Irish members of Parliament who were returned at the last election upon the liberal interest, he is told that many of these were elected by violence, intimidation, illegal qualifications, and falsified returns, and that it is intended to institute enquiry into them at the very outset of the session. As a proof of the sincerity of this determination, subscriptions have been opened in all parts of the Kingdom to defray the expenses attending the prosecution of these scrutinies. The subscriptions had at the last dates amounted to many thousands of pounds; the Morning Herald of the 4th of Nov. gives four columns of names with various sums appended to each, which forms the *ninth* list already published. It is to meet these formidable preparations of the Tories that Mr. O'Connell now proclaims so loudly the merits of the present Ministers, and affirms that Ireland has become so happy, peaceable, and content under their reign, that the National Association is no longer needful.

Thus much for Ireland; but how stands the Ministry, it will be asked, with the people of England? We can best answer this question after the session has commenced, and the vote on the Address taken. It is generally supposed that Lord Melbourne is almost powerless. That is the case we know, to a certain extent, but not wholly so; his Lordship is a favourite at Court! He has, it is said, gained the good opinion of the Queen and the Duchess of Kent—he is a frequent visiter at the palace—and it is affirmed possesses the royal confidence. This is an important circumstance, and may tend to prolong the existence of a Ministry whose days were supposed to be numbered. At a recent public meeting Lord Durham expressed himself strongly in favour of the Cabinet.

Constantine has been taken by the French as reported. It was carried by assault, with the loss of about 1000 men. Gen. Damremont, the Commander-in-chief, was killed during the siege.

From Spain we learn that Don Carlos had given up all attempts on Madrid—had abandoned the plains and retired to the mountainous fastnesses.

Great preparations were making in London to celebrate her Majesty's visit to the Lord's Mayor's Treat on the 9th of November, with becoming splendour.

We regret to state that another breach has taken place in the Thames Tunnel, by which one man was drowned. The work, however, it is hoped, will not be long impeded in consequence of this fresh disaster.

The sale of the Royal Stud took place on the 25th of Oct.

LOWER CANADA.

The accounts from Lower Canada during the week, have been of the most favourable character. Col. Gore has returned to Montreal, after traversing unmolested, and without seeing an enemy, the whole line of the Richelieu. He passed through St. Ours, St. Denis, St. Charles, &c., recovering his five wounded men, and the field piece left behind on his first expedition. Mr. Papineau is no where to be heard of, and Gen. Brown, it is ascertained, has fled across the lines, and was, a few days since, at Highgate, in Vermont, without any army, or even followers. Rewards of £1000 have been offered for each of these persons, and Canada consequently can no longer afford them an asylum. There are reports that M. Papineau is in this city.

A few persons, about 100 in number, assembled at Swanton, in the state of Vermont, last week, and with two field pieces, marched completely armed into the adjoining British territory—thus violating the neutrality of the United States. A party of volunteers and militia, however, was apprized of their movements, intercepted and dispersed them, killing and wounding several, and making Mr. Bouchett prisoner. Col. Jones, we believe, directed this fortunate operation, and we are happy to learn that three British companies are stationed at St. Johns, to succour Col. Jones, and the loyal inhabitants of the county of Armaud, which borders on the Vermont frontier. We are further happy to hear that Col. Herriot, C. B. has proceeded to Stansted, and other places in the eastern townships for the purpose of organizing the volunteers, and committing the frontier to their protection They will form an admirable police, and the system should extend along the lines as far as it is practicable to adopt it. A reference to the map and a military eye, will at once perceive its advantage.

No expedition has yet been sent to Grand Brulé, but a detachment has been ordered to Lachapelle's bridge, to preserve it from being destroyed, and to act as an advanced force to the troops that are to follow.

Lord Gosford has issued a proclamation at Quebec, calling on all the misguided people to return to their homes. It is couched in the mildest and most conciliatory terms, so much so as to cause some dissatisfaction to the loyal party. It will be found on the last page. His lordship however followed it with sundry other proclamations offering rewards for the principal offenders, a list of whom will also be found in the same place. Not satisfied with having proceeded thus far, his lordship on the 5th inst. issued another proclamation giving to Sir John Colborne the power of enforcing *Martial Law* in the district of Montreal. These measures are all necessary and proper, and have inspired the friends of order with fresh courage. The Lower Province is now perfectly safe.

The body of Lieut. Weir, of the 32d Regt. was found by Col. Gore. It was discovered in a ditch horribly mutilated, showing that his murder had been committed with horrid barbarity. His remains were conveyed to Montreal, for interment. Profound regret pervades every bosom for his unhappy fate. He was beloved by his regiment, and respected by every individual in the community.

UPPER CANADA.

We had scarcely congratulated ourselves on the favourable state of things in Lower Canada, when news reached town, that a revolution had broken out in the Upper Province—that Toronto was taken by the patriots, and that Sir Francis Head, the governor, with his principal officers, were shut up in the market-house and about to capitulate on the terms offered to him—viz. to dissolve the Parliament, grant an elective Council, and leave the Colony in two weeks. All this was asserted in the most positive terms in the Buffalo, Lewiston, and other newspapers, founded chiefly on letters from Queenstown. We at once saw through the whole fabric of the misrepresentation, and assured our friends what has since turned out to be true—that the affair was a mere outbreak of McKenzie, who, taking advantage of the absence of the troops, had like Jack Cade, collected a few hundred desperadoes together for the purpose of trying their fortunes. It was indeed their last throw, and they lost it. Their leader "staked all upon the hazard of a die," and die we fear he will, as the Governor has offered £1000 for his apprehension. The particulars will be found in the preceding columns, to which we refer the reader. The letter of Mr. Angus McLeod gives a detailed account of the whole transaction.

The commotion will be, we are convinced, eminently beneficial. It has shown with what alacrity the call to arms is obeyed. It has shown that the designs of the agitators are hopeless, and that the people of Upper Canada desire no change in their system of government. Why should they! They live under a mild and merciful sovereign—they make their own laws—pay no taxes or intolerant duties. The liberty of the subject is fully guaranteed by trial by Jury, and act of *habeas corpus*; property is safe; and as to oppression, it does not nor cannot exist. No man, from the Governor downward, has the power to oppress another, or to deprive him of his life, his liberty, or his property, except through the regular operation of the laws. Of what then can Canada complain, guaranteed as she is in the full enjoyment of her rights and privileges, and protected without cost by the most powerful nation of the old world!

As we deny the existence of cause for rebellion, so do we deny the existence of discontent. The people out of Canada have been deceived by the falsehoods propagated by a few mal-contents, and needy adventurers, who have endeavoured to represent that they speak the popular sentiments, and the wishes of the majority. The recent affair has shown most satisfactorily that the wishes of the majority, are directly adverse to the schemes of McKenzie and his adherents. Let us see with what spirit the call to arms was answered. A steamboat arrived at the small town of Niagara, and in three or four hours 95 gallant spirits left their wives, children, and business, and proceeded to the scene of danger. A similar spirit showed itself at Hamilton, and its vicinity, where hundreds of men at a moment's warning left their homes, headed by Mr. McNabb, and appeared at Toronto. So general was the rising all through the country, that within forty eight hours 4000 freemen were armed and organized for the defence of the government. With 2000 of them Sir Francis Head attacked the rebels, and put them to flight, in the manner described by Mr. McLeod. Is this discontent! Does this show a desire to change the government? Is it not on the contrary, complete and irrefutable evidence that the public opinion is the reverse of what it is pretended to be? And if public opinion be in favour of the existing order of things, it ought, even according to the most democratic principle, to be suffered to remain as it is.

A public meeting took place at Buffalo on the 5th inst. at which a number of respectable individuals we are assured was present. The object of this meeting was to express sympathy in favour of Upper and Lower Canada, which provinces it was represented were grossly and cruelly oppressed by England, and that the people were kept down by British tyranny. We say nothing of the policy of such proceedings on the part of one country at peace with another; or of the illegality of fostering or allowing hostile expeditions to be fitted out against peaceful neighbours, for the President has taken care of this matter, by the orders sent to the different governors of the frontier states—but we must be allowed to advert to the injustice of taking part with, and encouraging such persons as McKenzie, and thus promoting civil war. If Canada really were oppressed we would be her earnest champions—if a clear and decided majority of her inhabitants, with a fair proportion of the property and respectability desired to throw off the allegiance to England, we would not be her opponents; nor would Great Britain under such circumstances expend a guinea or fire a single musket to retain her. Canada is not oppressed, nor do her people say that she is; how unjust then are the 2d and 3d Resolutions of the Buffalo meeting. Why should the meeting lament the absence of McKenzie, and invoke the "God of battles" in his behalf, when he was at that very moment, (the 5th of December) burning the property and sacrificing the lives of his peaceful fellow subjects!

The people of Buffalo, as well as others of the frontier have been deceived, having mistaken the declaration of a few noisy and unprincipled demagogues for the voice of the people. We trust the inhabitants of Upper Canada will take some means, by public meeting, or otherwise, to disabuse their neighbours on the opposite side of the lines. Toronto should set the example. This would clear up all doubts, and show that the existing government of the province is the choice of the people.

THE ALBION—NOTICE.

Persons becoming subscribers to this Journal for one year, from and after this date, will be presented with a copy of the two superb plates, that have been published in the course of the present year. These plates are—1st, a View of the *New Houses of the British Parliament*; and 2nd, *Miss Ellen Tree* in the character of *Ion*; both are engravings on steel, and executed by an eminent artist The likeness of the celebrated actress, is one of the best that has ever been presented to the public. Our agents will please to bear this in mind. Terms of the Albion six dollars per annum—payable in advance. If a five dollar bill be remitted *to the Office* in New York, free of postage, the paper will be sent for ten months including the plates above named. In such cases, however, it is particularly requested that the bill so remitted should be of some one of the northern or eastern banks.

Will the papers with which we exchange have the kindness to give this a notice!

The Musical Library.—This unique collection of musical gems is at length completed, and arranged into departments. The work consists of two large volumes of vocal music, two of instrumental, and one supplementary volume, containing biographical sketches of great composers, accounts of musical festivals, &c. &c. Of this work it may confidently be said, that never was anything got up with more care, whether we regard the quality of the music, or the mechanical execution, to which also may be added, the extraordinary cheapness of the price. *Every* piece is the composition of a distinguished master, there is not an indifferent one in the whole collection, and we know not any work better adapted to foster and purify musical taste. At this season in particular it will form an appropriate and handsome present, and the publisher has so arranged the set, that purchasers at their pleasure or convenience may procure the whole or any of the departments we have mentioned. They are handsomely bound uniformly in sets, and as fit for the drawing room as any of the albums. The work is imported and for sale by *Wm. Jackson*, 102 Broadway.

The Harpers have just published the following, viz.

Love Token for Children. This is from the pen of Miss Sedgwick, the friend of education and good morals. It is intended for Sunday School libraries, but is is also well adapted for New Year's presents to young persons in every class of society. The stories, eight in number, are simple and pleasing illustrations of just principles; and the work we think, will be therefore largely in request at this important period of the year.

FASHIONABLE FANCY FUR STORE, 25 Maiden Lane—F. A. Joseph begs leave to inform the ladies of New York that he has received a splendid assortment of rich dark Labrador Martin Skins, which will be manufactured into Muffs, Victorias, Mantillets, &c. and will be ready for inspection in a few days.

Also, just received per late Havre packet, a few sets of handsome Tiger Rugs for rooms or carriages. A choice assortment of Ermine. (Dec. 16.)

Province of Lower Canada. } GOSFORD.

His Excellency the Right Honourable Archibald Earl of Gosford, Baron Worlingham of Beccles, in the County of Suffolk, Capt General and Governor in Chief in and over the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, Vice Admiral of the same, and one of Her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, &c &c. &c.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas in certain Counties of the District of Montreal, disaffection to the Government of our Gracious Sovereign, Queen Victoria, has unequivocally declared itself, and divers outrages upon the persons and properties of Her Majesty's loyal subjects have been recently perpetrated therein. And whereas prisoners arrested on charge of high treason have been rescued from the hands of justice, and the troops of Her Majesty in the lawful discharge of their duty, while aiding the civil authorities, have been assailed and fired upon by bands of armed peasantry. And whereas it is notorious that the present blind and fatal excitement in that district, is to be attributed to the machinations of a few evil-minded and designing men, who have imposed on the credulity of an unsuspicious peasantry, and by plausible misrepresentation and wilful calumny, practising upon their fears, and inflaming their passions, by appealing to national distinctions, and exciting political prejudices, which it has been the unabated endeavour of the British government to extinguish, have at length succeeded in implicating a part of a hitherto peaceable and loyal population in the first excesses of a reckless and hopeless revolt. As the Representative of our Most Gracious Sovereign, I now most solemnly address myself to the inhabitants of this Province but more especially to the misguided and inconsiderate population on the River Richelieu in the District of Montreal. I address myself to your good sense and to your personal experience of the benefits you have received and of the tranquility you have so long enjoyed under the British Government. You possess the Religion, the Language, the Laws and the Institutions guaranteed to you nearly seventy years since. You know not the burthen of taxes. The expense of your military defence is defrayed by Great Britain. The prosperity and happiness which have hitherto pervaded this Province, proclaim honourably and undeniably the political wisdom which watches over your safety, encourages your commerce and fosters your rising industry. The spontaneous confidence of the British Parliament bestowed on you a Constitution. Your representatives complained of grievances; their complaints were promptly and fully investigated; grievances which were proved to exist were removed at once, redress the most ample, but unavoidably gradual, was unreservedly promised, and up to this moment that promise has been scrupulously observed. But the demands of your leaders are insatiable, the language of reform has speciously concealed the designs of revolution. I have thus far deemed it my duty to explain the injustice and inadmissibility of the objects for which your leaders contend, and for the attainment of which they would wantonly sacrifice you and your families. The traitorous designs of these political agitators have been at length unmasked. I now therefore call upon those who have been thus far deluded, to listen to the language of reason, sincerity and truth. Listen to the exhortations of your respectable and trustworthy Clergy. Listen to the representations of those worthy and loyal proprietors, whose interests are identified with your own, and whose prosperity in common with yours, must ever be graduated and governed by the internal tranquillity of this Province. Return to that allegiance to your Sovereign which you have now for the first time violated, and to that obedience to the Law which you have hitherto invariably maintained. Spurn from you your insidious advisers. Reject with abhorrence their self interested and treasonable counsels. Leave them to that retribution which inevitably awaits them. Retire to your homes and to the bosoms of your families; rest assured that a powerful and merciful Government is more desirous to forget than to resent injuries, and that within that Sanctuary you will experience no molestation. And further, by and with the advice and consent of Her Majesty's Executive Council of and for the Province of Lower Canada, I, the said Archibald, Earl of Gosford, do hereby call upon all Her Majesty's loyal subjects in this Province, to be prepared at all times to maintain against all aggressors, the authority of our Sovereign Lady the Queen, and to counteract the rebellious designs of the disaffected in this Province. The dearest rights and privileges of British subjects, their Laws and Institutions, have been openly and audaciously assailed. They will remember that those sentiments of loyalty and honour which were the pride of their forefathers are the heritage of their children; and in defending their allegiance to their Gracious Queen, and the connexion which has so long existed between this favoured Colony and Great Britain, they will rush forward as one man to prove their gratitude for the blessings they enjoy, and their unswerving determination to maintain them unimpaired.

Given under my hand and Seal at Arms, at the Castle of Saint Lewis in the city of Quebec, the twenty-ninth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven, and in the first year of Her Majesty's Reign.

By His Excellency's Command.

D. DALY, Sec'y of the Province.

MARTIAL LAW.

From the Quebec Official Gazette Extra.

Province of Lower Canada. } GOSFORD.

By His Excellency the Right Honourable Archibald, Earl of Gosford, Baron Worlingham of Beccles, in the County of Suffolk, Captain General and Governor in Chief in and over the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, Vice Admiral of the same, and one of Her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, &c. &c. &c.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas there exists in the District of Montreal a traitorous conspiracy by a number of persons falsely styling themselves Patriots, for the subversion of the Authority of Her Majesty, and the destruction of the established Constitution and Government of the said Province; And whereas the said traitorous conspiracy hath broken out into acts of the most daring and open Rebellion; And whereas the said Rebellion hath very considerably extended itself, insomuch that large Bodies of Armed Traitors have openly arrayed themselves, and have made and do still make attacks upon her Majesty's Forces, and have committed the most horrid cruelties;—And whereas in the parts of the said Districts in which the said conspiracy hath not as yet broken out into open Rebellion, large numbers of such persons so calling themselves Patriots, for the execution of such their wicked designs, have planned means of open violence, and formed public arrangements for raising and arming an organized and disciplined Force, and in furtherance of their purposes have frequently assembled in great and unusual numbers; And whereas the exertions of the Civil power are ineffectual for the suppression of the aforesaid traitorous and wicked conspiracy and Rebellion, and for the protection of the lives and properties of Her Majesty's loyal subjects; And whereas the Courts of Justice in the said District of Montreal have virtually ceased, from the impossibility of executing any legal process or warrant of arrest therein.

Now, therefore, I, Archibald, Earl of Gosford, Governor in Chief, and Captain General in and over the said Province of Lower Canada, by and with the advice and consent of Her Majesty's Executive Council for the Province, have issued orders to Lieutenant General Sir John Colborne, commanding her Majesty's Forces in the said Province, and other Officers of her Majesty's Forces in the same, to arrest and punish all persons acting, aiding, or in any manner assisting in the said Conspiracy and Rebellion which now exist within the said District of Montreal, and which have broken out in the most daring and violent attacks upon her Majesty's Forces, according to MARTIAL LAW, either by DEATH, or otherwise, as to them shall seem right and expedient for the punishment and suppression of all Rebels, in the said District; of which all her Majesty's subjects in this Province are hereby required to take notice.

Given under my Hand and Seal at Arms, at the Castle of Saint Lewis, in the City of Quebec, the fifth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty seven, and in the first year of her Majesty's Reign.

By his Excellency's Command, D. DALY, Secretary of the Province.

Office of the Secretary of the Province, Quebec, 5th December, 1837.

His Excellency the Governor-in-Chief has been pleased to authorize and command, by Royal Commission Lieutenant General Sir John Colborne, K. C. B., G. C. H. Commanding her Majesty's Forces in this Province, to execute *Martial Law* in the District of Montreal, and to punish all persons acting, aiding, or in any manner assisting in the conspiracy and Rebellion which now exists within the said District, according to *Martial Law*, either by death or otherwise, for the suppression and punishment of all rebels in the said District.

THE SWANTON AFFAIR.

We have Montreal papers of the 8th, and a slip from Burlington of the 9th inst., but they bring no intelligence of any new movements. The Burlington slip confirms the account of the affair at Swanton, and gives the following additional particulars:

It appears that a part of the patriots, which had been for a few weeks in Swanton, Vermont, providing themselves with arms and ammunition, attempted to cross the line on the evening of the 6th, under protection of a body of patriots from the Province. The loyalists who were apprised of the intended movements of the Patriots, assembled in the vicinity of the Bay, in a body of about 500, with the intention of intercepting them. They stationed themselves in three divisions upon the roads by which the patriots were expected to march.

About 10 in the evening the patriot party were fired upon by the division of the loyalists stationed upon the road leading by the dwelling of Mr. Morse, 2 miles east of the Bay.

The fire was returned with spirit. The engagement lasted about 20 minutes. The patriots were defeated, and fell back towards Swanton with the loss of two cannon and several killed and missing.

A boy, volunteer from St. Albans, returned yesterday. He reports 2 patriots killed to his knowledge, and more missing.

Buchet, the editor of the Quebec Liberal, a talented and spirited Patriot leader, was severely wounded and taken prisoner.

Meetings of the loyalists have been held throughout the lower Province—and 140 citizens of Quebec, of French origin, have joined in address to Lord Gosford, in assurance of their inviolate attachment to the British Government, and their determination to preserve unimpaired the laws and institutions which they enjoy under the protection of the British Crown. We subjoin a few items of interest from the Montreal Courier of the 8th.

Military Movements.—On Wednesday last, a Company of Royals, under Capt. Mayne, left town for St. Johns, to reinforce the garrison in that place; and yesterday three Companies of the 25th, under Lieut.-Col. Hughes, were despatched in the same direction.

Four companies of the 32d, and a detachment of the Royal Artillery, with two guns, returned to town in the John Bull, yesterday morning, from the brigade under Col. Gore. The remainder of the brigade, we understand, will remain for the present in occupation of St. Denis, and the other villages on the Richelieu. The whole brigade does not appear to have marched on Monday to St. Hyacinthe. The reception of those who did, is stated to have been quite pacific, though their march, as far as the finding of the fugitives was concerned, was ineffectual.

The *John Bull* brought up the body of Lieut. Wier from St. Denis for interment, and also the five wounded men found at that place on Saturday. Of these one is a corporal of the 24th, who had previously been reported dead, but who is now, we are happy to say, in a fair way of recovery from his wounds.

The report of the arrival of the first division of the 43d at Quebec, in yesterday's Herald, was, we believe, premature. It is very likely it may have arrived there by this time.

The funeral of Lieutenant Wier was to take place, we learn, this day. The procession will move from his late residence, near the steam mill, at 2 P. M. We have understood that it is intended for the several volunteer battalions to render a last tribute of respect to the deceased, by taking part in the procession.

Since our last the following new prisoners have been commited to jail viz:

Amable Donais, Gideon Pinsoneau, Joseph Pinsoneau, Parish of Blairfindie. J. S. La Rocque, of Rigaud, Bonaventure Viger, J. B. Senecal, J. Bte. Lafontaine, Louis Carbonneau, Joseph Landry dit Grandie, Julien Reyneir, Michael Arguel, David Leaun.

Three of the above, we believe the first named, are of the number of those concerned in the murder of Chartrand.—These and six others, were brought to town yesterday in the *Princess Victoria*, under a guard from St. Johns.—One other was brought up from St. Denis, in the *John Bull*.

We learn that on Monday morning last, the Hon. Colonel Vankoughnet marched a party of 54 men well armed and equipped, volunteers from his regiment of the Stormont Militia, into the Fort at Coteau Du Lac, to serve as a garrison there. The gallant Colonel was to return the same day to Osnabruck, to meet the rest of his regiment, in order to ascertain how many more of them were ready to volunteer for active service in this Province, through the winter. The officers, as we have already stated, have all volunteered. A letter from the Colonel, which we have seen, expresses the full expectation that most of the men will follow their example. The party that are already in Lower Canada, were brought together in the course of a few hours in consequence of a report that Coteau du Lac was likely to be attacked. The rebels have "waked up the wrong passengers" this time.

[From the Montreal Gazette, Dec. 5.]

Proclamations have been issued by the Governor in Chief, against certain parties accused of high treason, and offering rewards for their delivery to any Justice of the Peace in Quebec or Montreal. £1000 is offered for the apprehension of

Louis Joseph Papineau.

£500 each for

Dr. Wolfred Nelson, of St. Denis.
Thomas Storrow Brown, of Montreal.
Edmund B. O'Callaghan, of do. M.P.P.
Joseph T. Drolet, of St. Marc, M.P.P.
Jean J. Girouard, of St. Benoit, M.P.P.
William H. Scott, of St Eustache, M.P.P.
Edward E. Rodier, of Montreal, M.P.P.
Amury Girod, an alien.
Jean O'Chenier, of Two Mountains.

And £100 each for

Pierre Paul Demaray, of St. Johns.
Joseph Francois Davignon, do.
Julien Gagnon, of L'Acadie.
Pierre Amiot, of Vercheres.
Louis Perrault, of Montreal.
Alphonse Gauvin, of do.
Louis Gauthier, of do.
Rodolph Desrivieres, of do.

Varieties.

A Desperate Resolve.—Married on the 14th inst. F. Madden, Esq., to Emily Sarah, daughter of W. Robertson, Esq.

"No longer," quoth Emily, "single I'll tarry,
For solitude can only sadden me;
To banish dull care and blue devils I'll marry,
Although such proceeding should *Madden* me!"

A Friend in Need.—Married on the 14th inst., J. W. Need, Esq., to Letitia Mary, only daughter of the late Major-General Hall.

She sigh'd for wedlock's joys, 'tis said,—
What joys can those exceed?—
And when she felt inclined to wed,
She found a friend in *Need!*

Anecdote of Baron Yelverton.—"I recollect," says Espinasse, "the ludicrous but unexpected reception which a member of the circuit met with, on telling Kenyon the following anecdote of Chief Baron Yelverton, of the Court of Exchequer in Ireland. The Baron once went a lent circuit, and one of the assize towns happened to be where one of his college contemporaries was beneficed. The rev. gentleman, anxious to made a display of his zeal and talents, at the same time to show his respect to the chief baron, asked permission from the sheriff to preach the assize sermon before the judges, and his request was granted. It was in the month of march, and the weather was intensely cold. The sermon was immensely long, and the chief baron annoyingly chilled When the service was over, the preacher descended from the pulpit seemingly highly satisfied with his own performance, and came to the judge full of joyous expectation. 'Well my lord, how do you like the sermon?' 'Wonderfully, my dear friend,' replied Yelverton; 'it was like the peace of God, it passed all understanding; and, like his mercy, I thought it would have endured for ever.' This jocular narrative was chilled by hearing Lord Kenyon, in an under tone pronounce the words 'Very immoral.'"—*Law Magazine.*

A RIDDLE.

From Southey's edition of Cowper's Works.

I am just two and two, I am warm, I am cold,
And the parent of numbers that cannot be told,
I am lawful, unlawful—a duty, a fault,
I am often sold dear, good for nothing when bought:
An extraordinary boon, and a matter of course,
And yielded with pleasure when taken by force.

ANSWER.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

A Riddle by Cowper
Made me swear like a trooper;
But my anger, alas! was in vain;
For remembering the bliss
Of beauty's soft Kiss,
I now long for such riddles again. J. T.

A Hint on Manners.—If you meet a friend in the street, in a coffee-house, shop, or in any public place, never address him by name, at least not so loudly as that others may hear it: sensitive people do not like to "be shown up" to strangers as "Mr. Jones" or "Mr. Smith," and to attract disagreeable notice. Accost your friend quietly; and do not *roar out*, "Ah! Mr. Smith! how do you do, Mr. Smith?" It is very offensive, and shows a want of proper delicacy.—*Hints on Etiquette.*

Making Bad Worse.—An Islington wight, being charged with dog-tax, (as he thought, unjustly,) wrote to the commissioners of taxes on the subject. He was about to wafer the letter, when a friend ("save us from our friends!") said to him, "Don't you go for to send it in the common way: seal it, my boy, seal it." Mr. Wilkes, being thus advised by his friend Tomkins, dropped into the shop of a seal engraver (another friend), who lent him a dashing aristocratic crest, and the letter was dispatched in the first style of rank. Alas for friendship! back came a letter from the commissioners, declining to take off his dog-tax, and clapping upon him the duty for "armorial bearings!"

Common Thieves.—In consequence of the interest which the Lord Chancellor Camden took in behalf of Mr. Wilkes, he became so popular, that the parishioners of Chiselhurst, where he resided, in the zenith of their patriotism, made him a present of ten acres of the common, on which the avenue leading to the seat now stands. His lordship was a very early riser, and was the first to discover, in one of his morning walks, that a poor widow who resided on the common, had all her geese stolen the preceding night. Meeting a labourer going to work, and thinking, from being wrapped up in his great coat, that he was unknown to the man, he inquired of him respecting the geese, and asked him if he knew what punishment would be inflicted on the offender who stole the geese from the common. The man answered, "No." "Why, then, I'll tell you," said his lordship; "he would be transported for seven years." "If that is the case," replied the labourer, "I will thank your lordship to tell me what punishment the law would inflict on the man who stole the common from the geese?"

A Lady who is qualified to teach the various English branches of education, as well as music, may obtain a situation in Virginia, every way comfortable and agreeable. Salary, $400. Address this office, post paid. The most unexceptionable reference as to character and competency will be required; and the applicant must possess the manners and deportment of a well bred and well educated person. Dec. 16-3t.

THE PREMIUM GOLD MEDAL, Silver Medal, and Diploma of the American Institute were awarded for the "best Incorruptible Teeth, superior method of inserting and fixing them in the mouth, and improvements in the art of Dentistry," to JONATHAN DODGE, M.D. Member of the Medical Society of the city and county of New York, of the Lyceum of Natural History, &c. &c. Operative Surgeon, Medical and Mechanical Dentist, No. 5 Chambers, (near Chatham street,) New York. [Feb. 11.]

DISEASES OF THE EYE.—Dr. Elliott, Oculist and professor of the anatomy and diseases of the human eye, 303 Broadway, private entrance in Duane-street. From 21 years undivided attention, and constant study, under the most celebrated Oculists in Europe, and America, with the most extensive and successful practice in the Union, Dr. E. asserts with confidence, that he can cure the most dangerous diseases of the eye, without an operation, except CATERACT ENTROPIUM and Staphyloma.

SPECTACLES.—The patent beautiful transparent medium spectacle glasses, having the peculiar property of keeping the eye perfectly cool, giving it immediate and permanent ease, and at the same time suit every age without the necessity of change.

N. B. Dr. E. will himself set the patent glasses to suit the particular defects.

Dr. E. begs to state that he attends to diseases of the eye, and imperfection of vision only. Office hours from 11 to 4 o'clock. [Jan.14.-tf.]

ARTIFICIAL TEETH, without clasps, springs, &c. on the principle of atmospheric pressure, by M. LEVETT, Dentist, 311½ Broadway, opposite Masonic Hall. The improvement and distinguishing feature of this method is the completely effecting of the essential objects of the ease and security of the supplied teeth in the mouth, wholly without clasps, ligatures, springs, or any other similar means. Persons interested in this improvement, who are yet unacquainted with its nature and extent, may see by a slight inspection, which is freely offered to them, that the plan is different in principle and results from any HITHERTO PRACTISED IN NEW YORK, and that the above statement is strictly and entirely accurate.

Attendance from 9 till 2 and from 3 till 6. (June 17—eowtf.

E. GIDNEY, DENTIST, 84 CHAMBER-ST.
(A few doors west of Broadway)

BEGS to remind his friends and the public, that he has returned from Europe, and established himself as above.

Mr G. is a native of this state, has had upwards of 20 years extensive practice, and has resided about 8 years in Europe for professional improvement, principally in London, Paris, Brussels, Edinburgh, Manchester, &c., and has during that time attended six courses of lectures on Dental Surgery and the Mechanical art, embracing a knowledge of the latest and most approved methods of setting the various kinds of teeth artificially, and the best articles now used for that purpose.

His manner of filling carious or decayed teeth with gold or stannail foil, will preserve them free from pain for life.

His incorruptible Venetian Enamel teeth surpass all others now in use, both for durability and correct imitation of the natural teeth.

Refers to Rev. H. Authon, D.D., St. Marks' church, and Fras. L. Hawks, DD, St. Thomas' church. (Sept. 9—5t.eow*

PACKETS FOR HAVRE. (Second Line.)

FROM New York on the 1st, and from Havre on the 24th of each month during the year:—

Ship UTICA, J. B. Pell, master, will sail from New York on the 1st January, May and September. From Havre on the 24th February, June and October.

Ship CHARLES CARROLL, W. Lee, master, from New York on the 1st February, Jun and October. From Havre on the 24th March, July and November.

Ship ERIE, Edw. Funck, master, from New York on the 1st March, July and November. From Havre on the 24th April, August and December.

Ship BALTIMORE, Jas. Funk, master, will sail from New York on the 1st April, August and December. From Havre on the 25th May, September and January.

Agent in New York J. J. BOYD, No. 9 Tontine Building.
Agents at Havre BONNAFFE BOISGERARD & CO

NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

TO sail from New York on the 1st, and from Liverpool on the 16th of each month

FROM NEW YORK.	FROM LIVERPOOL.
Ship Sheridan—1st October,	Ship Sheridan—16th November
Ship Garrick—1st November.	Ship Garrick—16th December..
Ship Shakspeare—1st December.	Ship Shakspeare—16th January.
New Ship Siddons—1st January.	Ship Siddons—16th February.

These ships are of the first class, upwards of 800 tons burthen, built in the city of New York, with such improvements as to combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers. Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of passage hence is $140, for which ample stores, including wines, &c. will be provided, without wines, &c. $120. These ships will be commanded by experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction. Neither the captains nor the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage apply to

E. K. COLLINS, 56 South street, New York, or to
[Sept. 17—1y.] WM. & JAS. BROWN & Co., Liverpool.

NEW YORK AND HAVRE PACKETS.

From New York on the 8th, 16th, and 24th of each month. From Havre on the 1st, 8th, 8th, and 16th of every month. Having made a new arrangement for the sailing of these packets, the subscribers will despatch them as above, and in the following order, viz.

Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New-York.	Days of Sailing from Havre.
Burgundy,	J. Rockett,	Jan. 8, Sept. 16, May 24,	Feb. 16, July 8, Nov. 1,
Rhone,	W. Skiddy,	" 16, " 24, June 8,	March 1, " 16, " 8,
Charlemagne,	Richardson,	" 24, Oct. 8, " 16,	" 8, Aug. 1, " 16,
Ville de Lyon,	C. Stoddard,	Feb. 8, " 16, " 24,	" 16, " 8, Dec. 1,
Francois 1st,	W. W. Pell,	" 16, " 24, July 8,	April 1, " 16, " 8,
Formosa,	W. B. Orne,	" 24, Nov. 8, " 16,	" 8, Sept. 1, " 16,
Silvie De Grasse,	Weiderholdt	March 8, " 16, " 24,	" 16, " 8, Jan. 1.
Poland,	Anthony,	April 16, " 24, Aug. 8,	June 1, " 16, " 8.
Albany,	J. Johnston,	" 24, Dec. 8, Aug. 16,	" 8, Oct. 1, " 16,
Louis Philippe,	J. Castoff,	May 8, " 16, " 24,	" 16, " 8, Feb. 1,
Sully,	D. Lines,	" 16, " 24, May 16,	July 1, " 16, " 8,

These are all vessels of the first class and ably commanded, with elegant accommodations for passengers, comprising all that may be required for comfort and convenience, including wines and stores of every description. Goods sent to either of the subscribers at New York, will be forwarded by their packets, free of all charges except the expenses actually incurred.

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NEW YORK AND LONDON PACKETS.

To sail on the 1st, 10th, and 20th of every month.

This line of packets will hereafter be composed of the following ships, which will succeed each other in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from New York and Portsmouth on the 1st, 10th, and 20th, and from London on the 7th, 17th, and 27th, of every month throughout the year, viz:—

Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New York.	Days of Sailing from London
St. James,	W. H. Sebor,	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1,	Feb. 17, June 17, Oct. 17,
Montreal,	S. B. Griffing,	" 10, " 10, " 10,	" 27, " 27, " 27,
Gladiator,	T. Britton,	" 20, " 20, " 20,	March 7, July 7, Nov. 7,
Mediator,	Champlin,	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1,	" 17, " 17, " 17,
Quebec,	F. H. Hebard,	" 10, " 10, " 10,	" 27, " 27, " 27,
Wellington,	D. Chadwick,	" 20, " 20, " 20,	April 7, Aug. 7, Dec. 7,
Philadelphia,	E. E. Morgan,	March 1, July 1, Nov. 1,	" 17, " 17, " 17,
Samson,	R. Sturges,	" 10, " 10, " 10,	" 27, " 27, " 27,
President,	J. M. Chadwick,	" 20, " 20, " 20,	May 7, Sept. 7, Jan. 7,
Ontario,	H. Huttleston,	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1,	" 17, " 17, " 17,
Toronto,	R. Griswold,	" 10, " 10, " 10,	" 27, " 27, " 27,
Westminster,	G. Moore,	" 20, " 20, " 20,	June 7, Oct. 7, Feb. 7,

These ships are all of the first class, about 600 tons burthen, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the Beds, Stores, &c. are of the best description. The price of cabin passage is now fixed at $140, outward, for each adult, which includes wine and liquors. Neither the captains nor owners of these packets will be responsible for any letters, parcels, or packages, sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. Apply to

GRINNELL, MINTURN and Co. 134 Front street,
JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South street, New York, or to
GEORGE WILDES and Co. No. 19 Coleman street, London
GARRATT & GIBSON, Portsmouth.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

Ships.	Captains.	Days of Sailing from New York.	Days of Sailing from Liverpool.
North America,	C. Dixey,	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1,	Feb. 16, June 16, Oct. 16
Roscoe,	J. C. Delano,	" 8, " 8, " 8,	" 24, " 24, " 24,
Europe,	A. C. Marshall,	" 16, " 16, " 16,	March 1, July 1, Nov. 1,
Sheffield,	F. P. Allen,	" 24, " 24, " 24,	" 8, " 8, " 8,
Columbus,	N. B. Palmer,	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1,	" 16, " 16, " 16,
Geo. Washington	H. Holdrege,	" 8, " 8, " 8,	" 24, " 24, " 24,
Hibernia,	J. L. Wilson,	" 16, " 16, " 16,	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1,
United States,	N. H. Holdrege,	" 24, " 24, " 24,	" 8, " 8, " 8,
South America,	R. Waterman,	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1,	" 16, " 16, " 16,
Pennsylvania,	J. P. Smith,	" 8, " 8, " 8,	" 24, " 24, " 24,
England,	B. L. Waite,	" 16, " 16, " 16,	May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1,
St. Andrew,	Thompson,	" 24, " 24, " 24,	" 8, " 8, " 8,
Orpheus,	I. Bursley,	pril 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1,	" 16, " 16, " 16,
Independence,	E. Nye,	A" 8, " 8, " 8,	" 24, " 24, " 24,
Oxford,	J. Rathbone,	" 16, " 16, " 16,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1,
Virginian,	I. Harris,	" 24, " 24, " 24,	" 8, " 8, " 8,

These ships are all of the first class, commanded by men of character and experience, and care will be taken that the beds, bedding, and stores, shall be of the best kind. The rate of passage outward is fixed, by an understanding with the proprietors of the other lines, at $140, including wines and stores.

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Consignees of ships Caledonia, Hibernia, Columbus, Europe, South America, England, Orpheus, North America, BARING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool, GOODHUE & Co. or C. H. MARSHALL, N.Y.

Consignees of ships Sheffield, United States, St. Andrew, and Virginian, S. WHITNEY—SANDS, TURNER, FOX & Co., and R. KERMIT, N.Y. SANDS, HODGSON, TURNER & Co., Liverpool.

Consignees of ships Pennsylvania, Roscoe, Geo. Washington, and Independence, GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., N.Y. CEARNS, CRARY & Co., Liverpool.

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